

No. 34

MARCH 10c

TOP-NOTCH

Laugh

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FUNNIEST
JOKE
BOOK



BY
BOB MOORE



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POKEY OAKY

by
Don Dean

ILLINOIS HAD IT'S ABRAHAM LINCOLN, BUT ARKANSAS HAS YOUNG POKEY OAKY. NOW SHOULD OUR HILL-BILLY HERO EVER REACH THE WHITE HOUSE, WE URGE YOU TO READ THE FOLLOWING PAGES--JUST SO YOU CAN SAY YOU KNEW HIM WHEN!



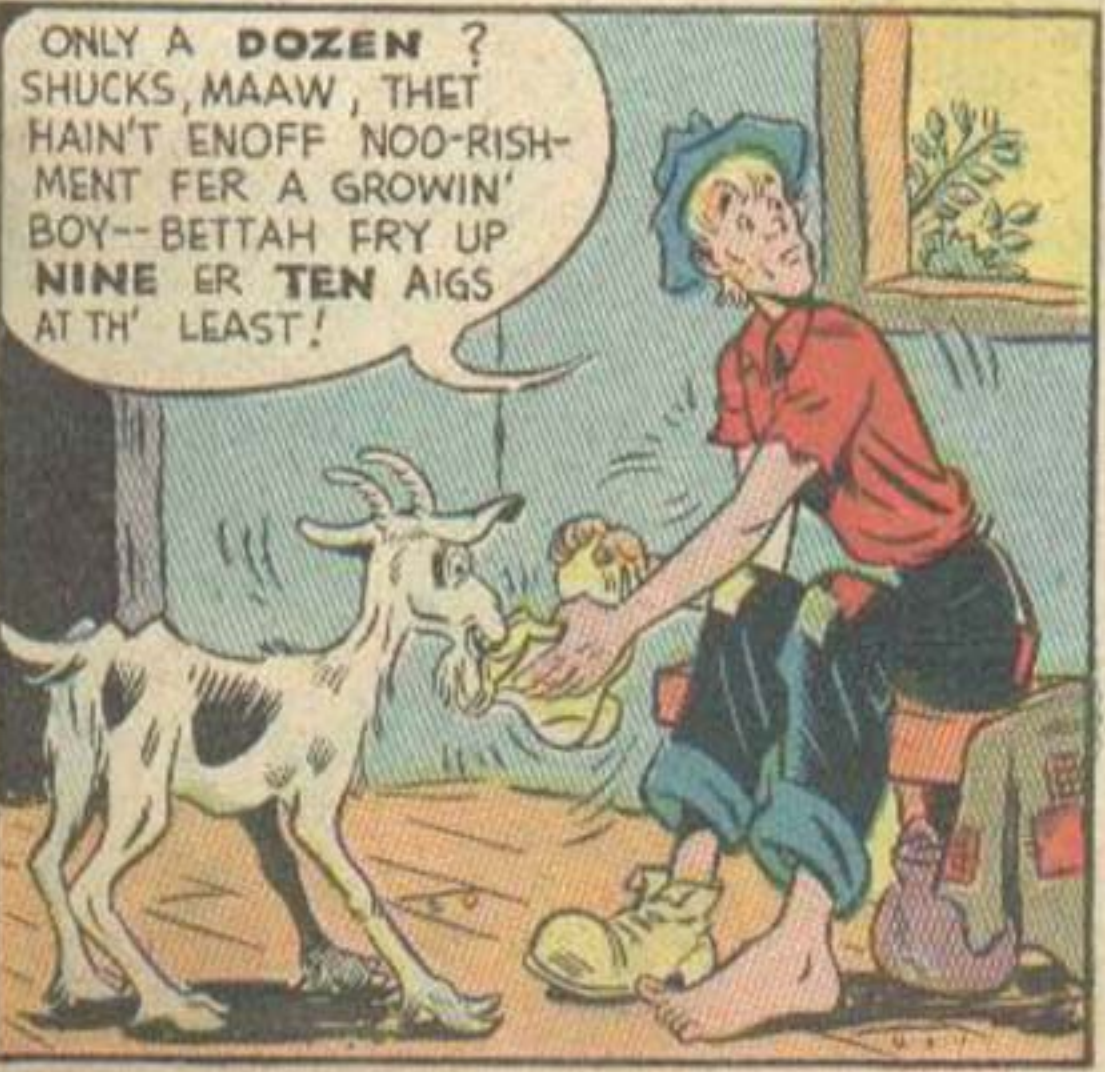
POKEY! WAKE UP, ET'S BAR' NEAR 5'O'CLOCK --HAIN'T FIXIN' TO SLEEP ALL DAY ARE YO'?

OOF! WHUT A WAY TO TREAT YO' LOVIN' SON! (SPUTTER!)



(YAWN!) SET SOME FIRE UNDAH MAH HAM AN' AIGS, WILL YO, MAAW?

YEP! BUT YO' DAST ONLY HAVE A DOZEN THIS MORNIN'--HENS HAIN'T BEEN LAYIN' SO GOOD LATELY!



ONLY A DOZEN? SHUCKS, MAAW, THET HAIN'T ENOFF NOO-RISHMENT FER A GROWIN' BOY--BETTAH FRY UP NINE ER TEN AIGS AT TH' LEAST!



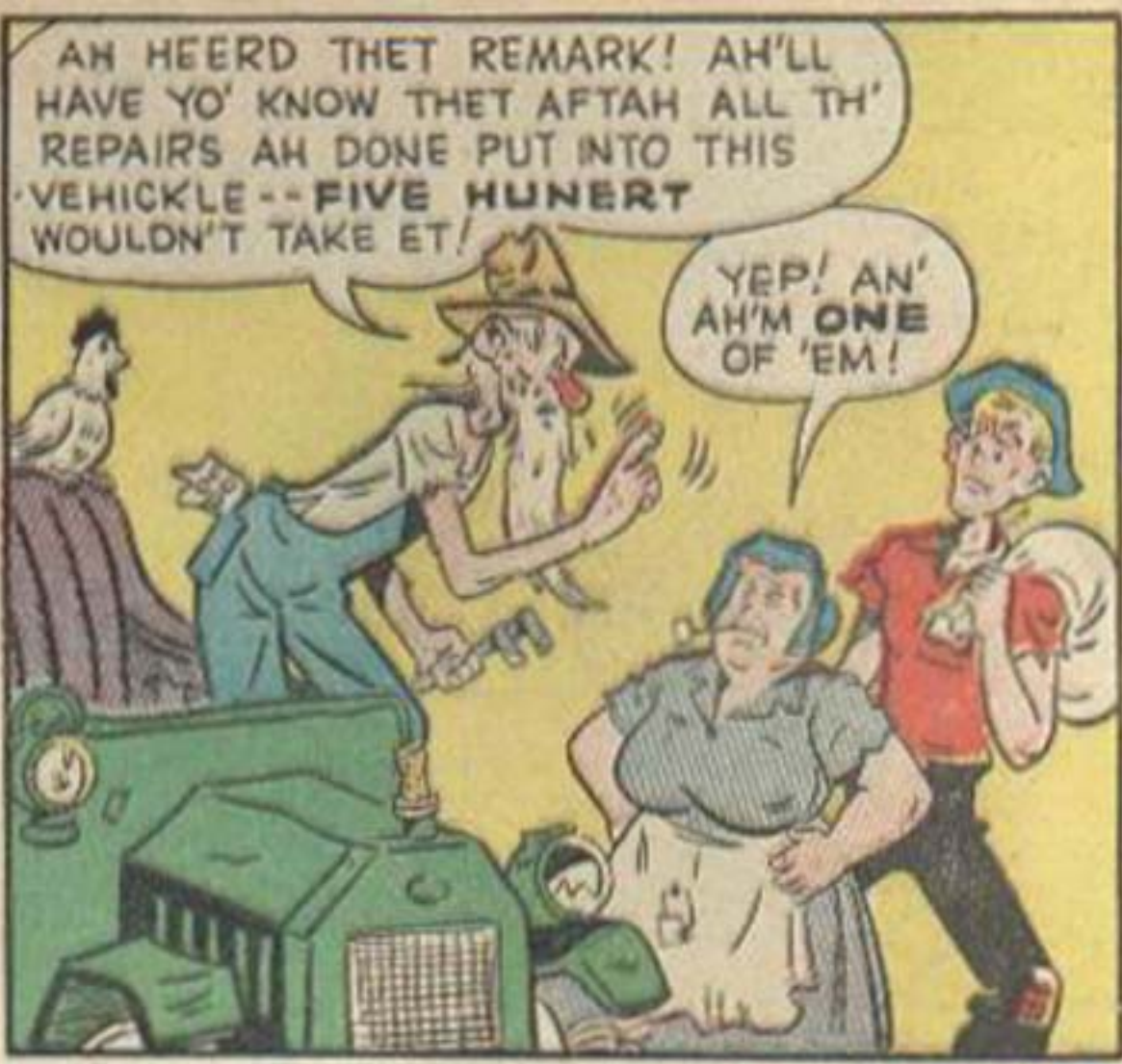
SAKES A'MIGHTY, POKEY, YO' ARE SLOWER THEN A TURTLE AILIN' WIFF LUMBAGO, GET A MOVE ON YO' SELF OR YO' WILL BE LATE FER YO' SHERIFFIN'!

YESSUM!



HYARS YO' LUNCH, SON, WHY DON'T YO' AX PAAW TO DRIVE YO' TO TH' OFFICE?

WHUT! IN THET CRATE? WHY TH' RAY-DI-ATOR **LEAKS** SO BAD HE HASTA HAVE TH' **SKID CHAINS** ON ALL TH' TIME!



AH HEERD THET REMARK! AH'LL HAVE YO' KNOW THET APTAH ALL TH' REPAIRS AH DONE PUT INTO THIS VEHICKLE -- **FIVE HUNERT** WOULDN'T TAKE ET!

YEP! AN' AH'M ONE OF 'EM!



ANYWAY, AH WANT YO' TO DRIVE POKEY DOWN TO THE JAIL HOUSE! HE IS LATE THIS MORNIN'!

BUT, MAAW! YO' KNOWS AH ONLY USE THIS AUTY FO' PLOWIN' AN' GOIN' TO FOONERALS AN' SPECIAL STUFF!



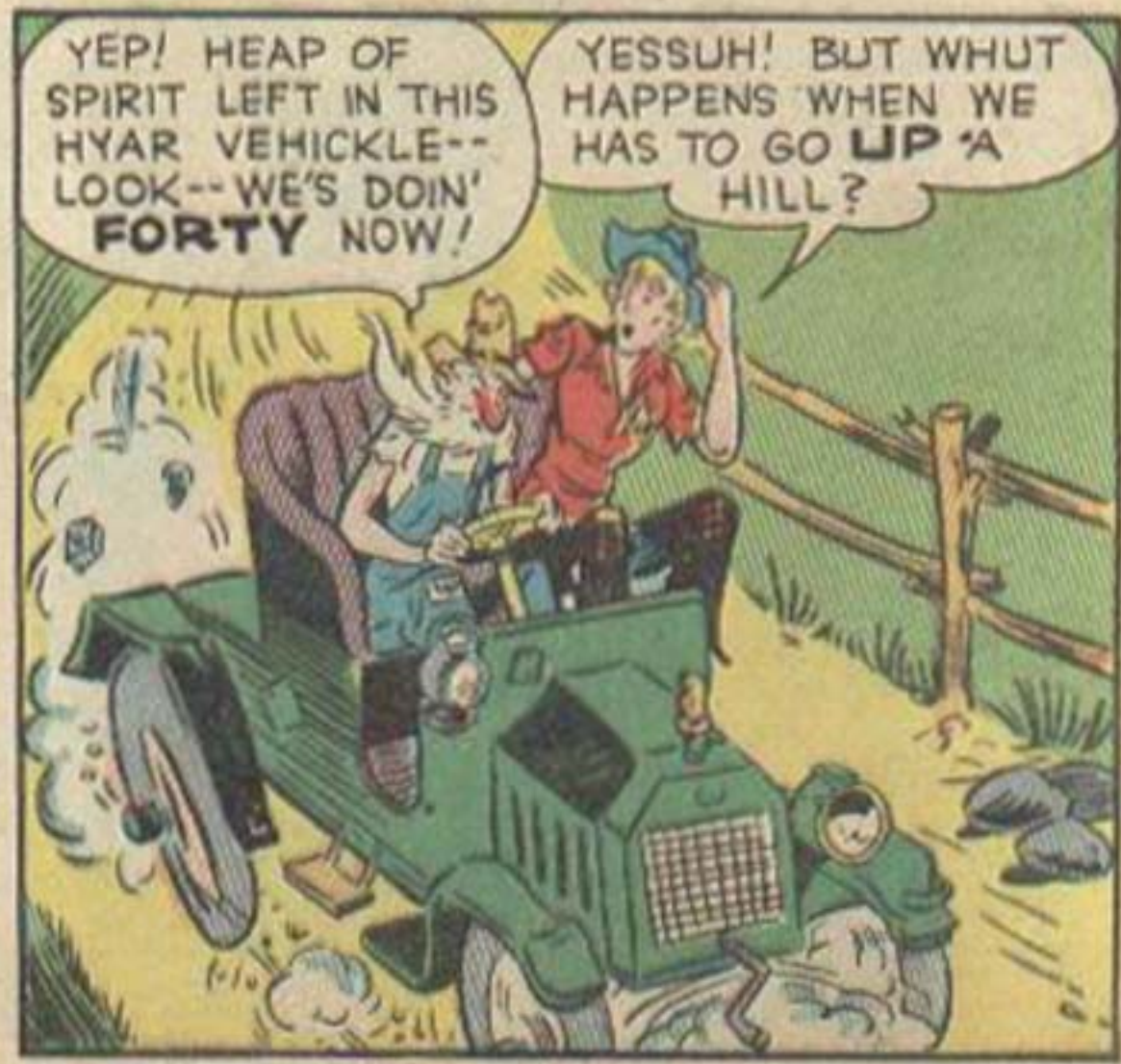
YO' HEERD ME, PAAW!

OHH, AWRIGHT, BUT THIS HYAR FOOL GAS RATIONIN' IS CAUSIN' ME TO USE UP ALL MAH **LIKKER!** (SOB!)



YESSUH, THIS HYAR AUTY GIVES ME FOND MEMORIES--WHY ME AN' YO' MAAW USED TO **SPARK** PLENTY IN HYAR!

SHO' WISH'T WE HAD SOME OF THET NOW! **GRUNT!** **PUFF!**



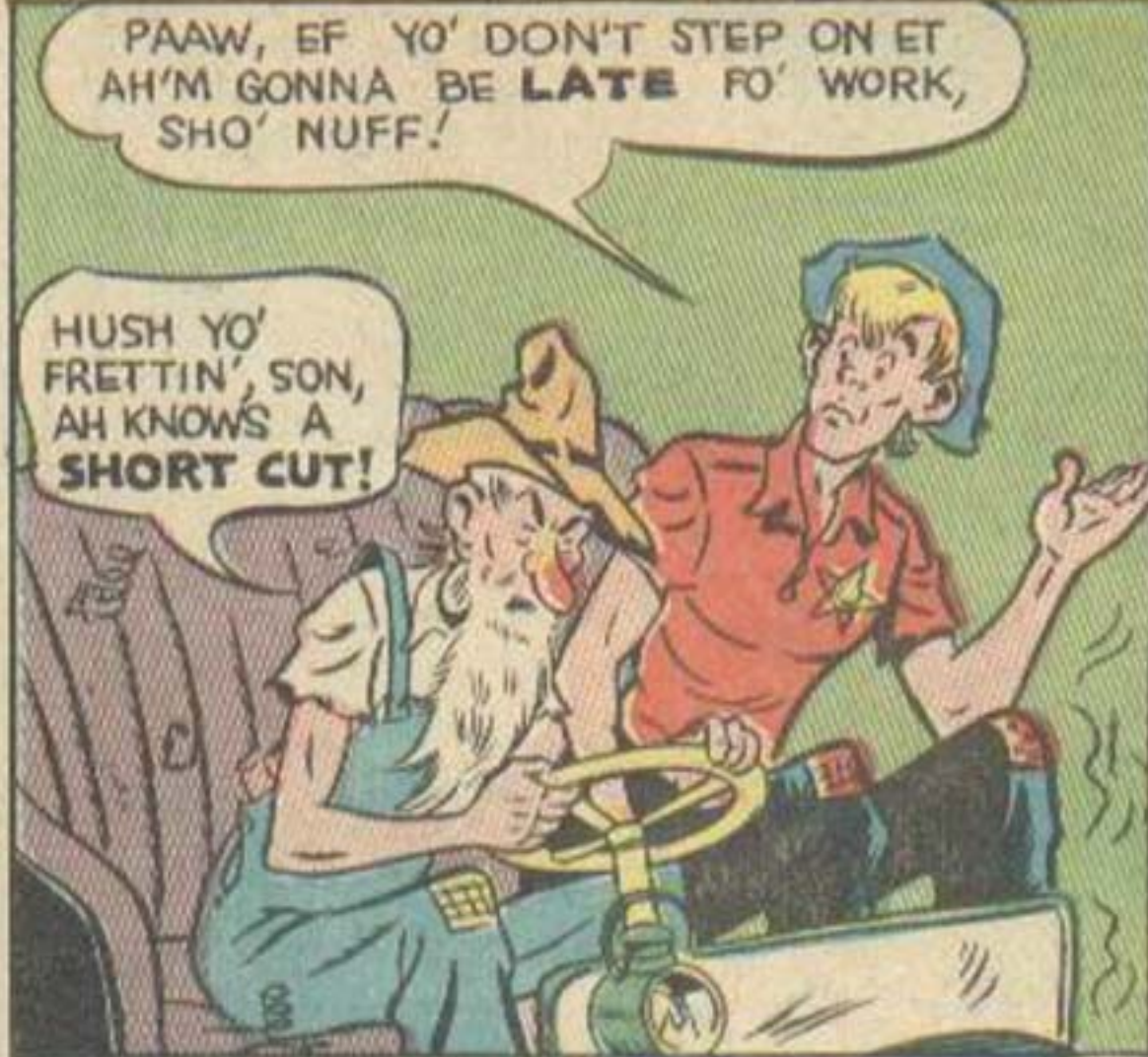
YEP! HEAP OF SPIRIT LEFT IN THIS HYAR VEHICKLE--LOOK--WE'S DOIN' **FORTY** NOW!

YESSUH! BUT WHUT HAPPENS WHEN WE HAS TO GO **UP** 'A HILL?



WAL, AH SHO FOUND **THEY** OUT QUICK ENUFF, DIDN'T AH, PAAW?

KEERFUL, SON, SO'S YO' WON'T SCRATCH TH' PAINT!



HUSH YO' FRETTEIN', SON, AH KNOWS A **SHORT CUT!**

PAAW, EF YO' DON'T STEP ON ET AH'M GONNA BE **LATE** FO' WORK, SHO' NUFF!



THAR ET IS NOW--OVAH YONDAH!



BUT, PAAW, DO YO' THINK ET OKAY TO USE THIS TUNNEL?

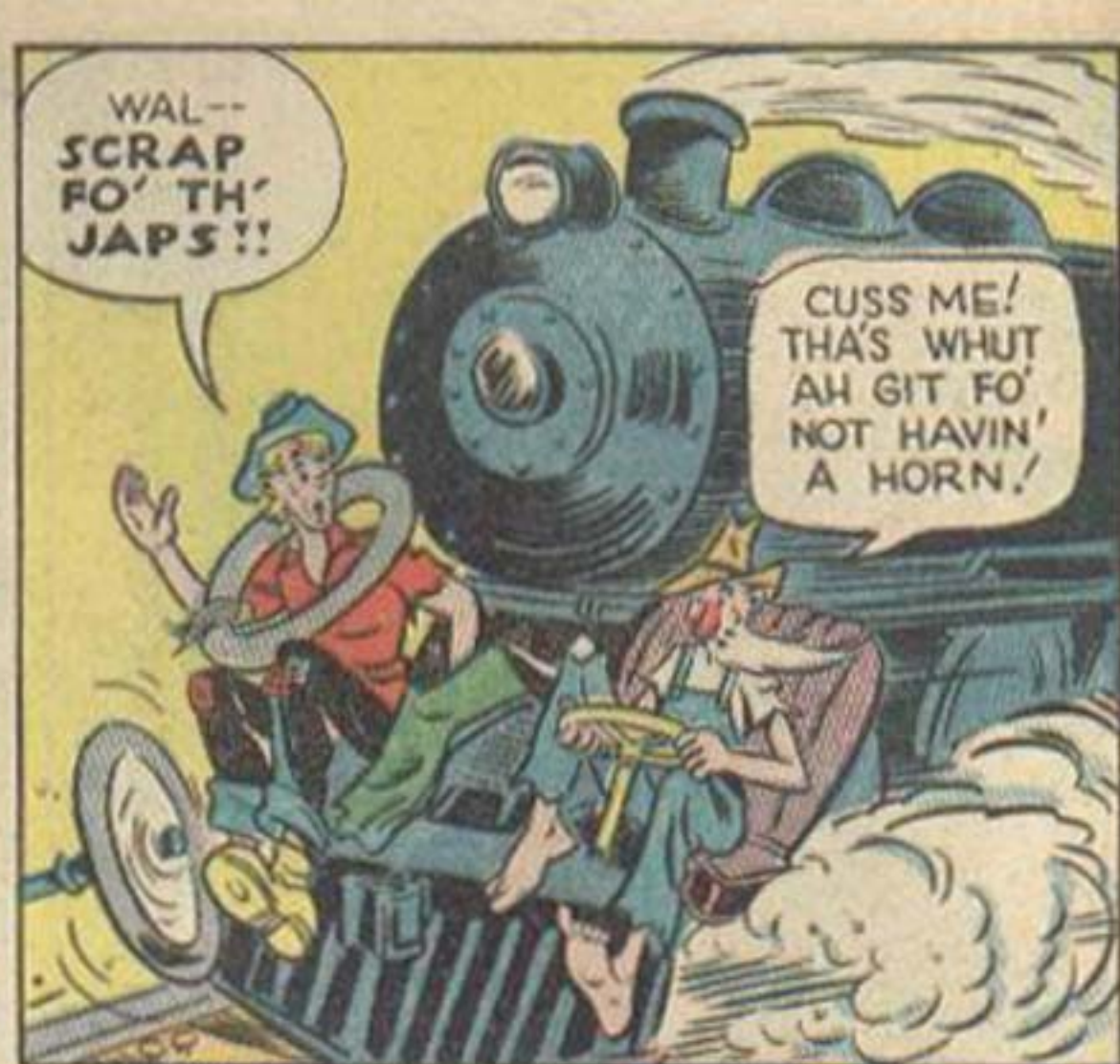
WHOSE GOT A BETTAH RIGHT? YO' MAAW'S HALF HALF COUSIN USETA BE A CONDUCTAH ON THIS HYAR LINE, DIDN'T HE? **SHO' HE DID !!**



YESSUH, YO' GOTTA USE YO' **BRAINS** NOW-A-DAYS, POKEY!--AN' AH WUZ RIGHT THAR WIFF MAH BUSHEL BASKET WHEN THEY WAS DISHED OUT!



WHOOO... WHOOO...





NOW TO GET DOWN TO BIZZNESS! LE'S SEE, FUST AH WAS FIXIN' TO TACK UP A FEW SIGNS!



AH CAN'T UNDAHSTAN' WOT FO' TH' MAYOR WANTS THESE HYAR SIGNS UP FO'--PEEOPLE WILL JES' NATCHERLY SMOKE WHAR THEY PLEASE ANYWAY!



WAL BLESS ME! DAWGONE EFFIN' THET HAIN'T TH' BIGGEST CATFISH AH SEEDED IN Y'ARS !!



LUCKY AH HAD SOME LINE WIFF ME--NOW TO GO AFTAH THET FISH --Z-Z-Z-Z



HEY, POKEY! YO' KETCHIN' ANYTHIN'?

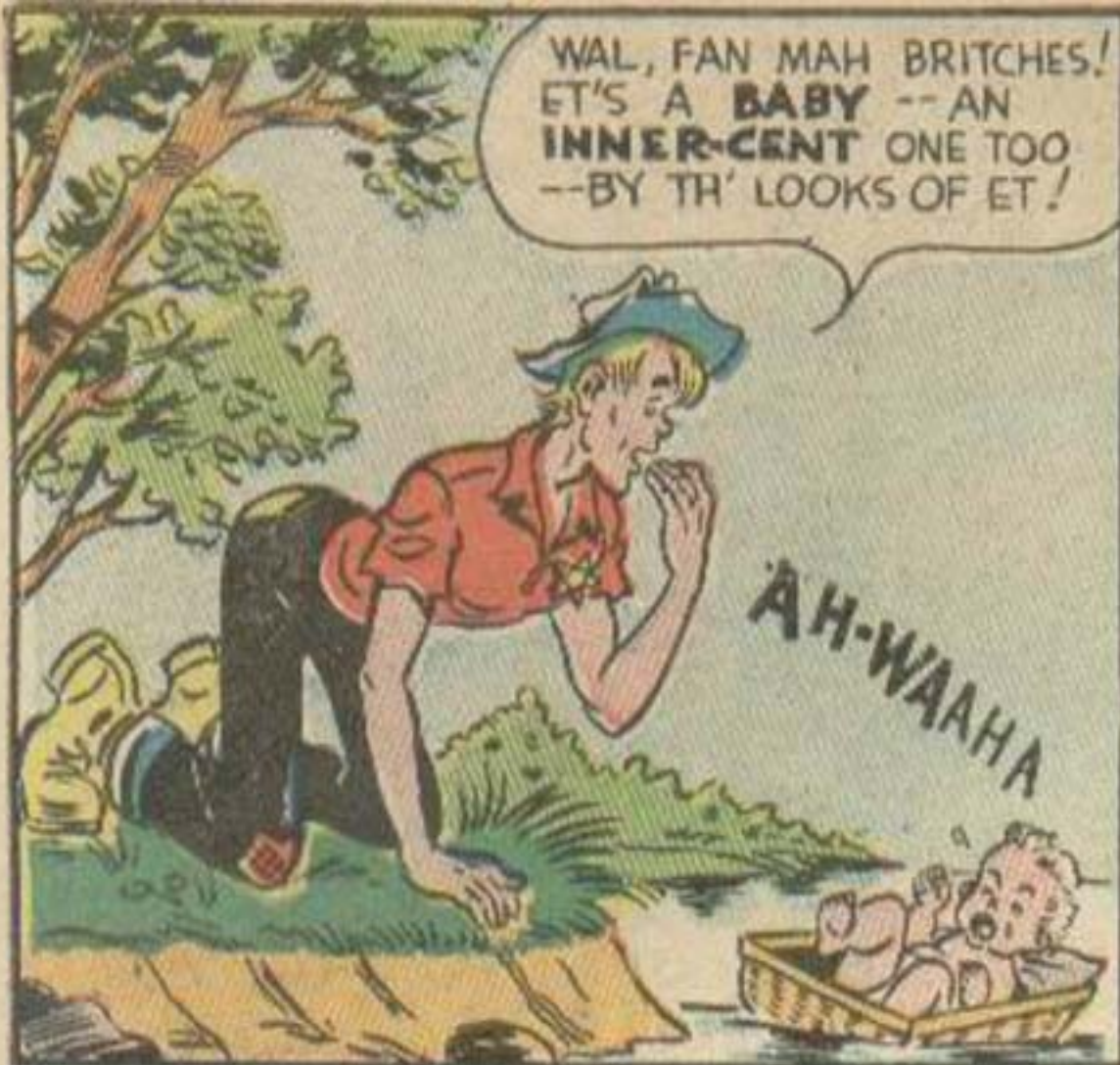
NOT YET! RECKON THIS DARN WORM JES' HAIN'T TRYIN', CLEM!



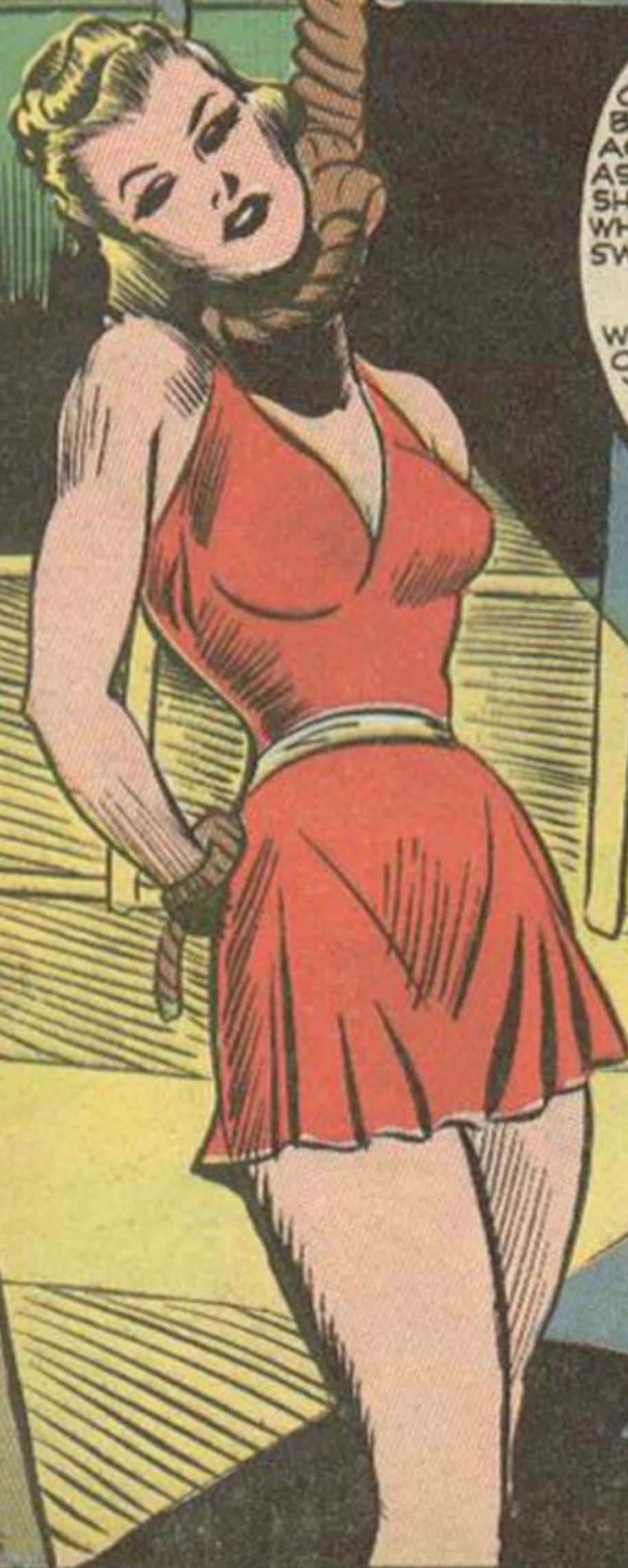
2 HOURS LATER

HO-HUM! GUESS THET FISH JES OUT-SMARTED ME--HARD AS ET IS TO DO-- HEY! WHUT'S THET??

WAAAA



THE BLACK HOOD MAN OF MYSTERY



WHAT COULD BE MORE LONELY THAN THE COLD DARKNESS OF A CARNIVAL AT NIGHT! WALLS THAT WERE RINGING WITH LAUGHTER AND CHEERS FOR THE CLOWN, THE BARE-BACK RIDER, THE MAGICIAN AND THE ACROBATS.. ARE NOW SILENT! SILENT AS THE GRAVE! WHAT LURKS IN THE DIM SHADOWS? IS IT MEMORIES OF THE PAST? WHAT IS THAT COLD, COLD BREEZE THAT SWINGS THE GAY ROPES AND MAKES THE SAWDUST SHIVER?
NO! DON'T COME IN! DON'T WALK WITH US INTO THE DARK EMPTINESS OF THE DESERTED TENT! WE WARN YOU! TOO LATE, NOW! YOU'VE SEEN IT! YES, YOU'RE LOOKING AT **DEATH ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE!**



ASHAST, THE
WATCHMAN RUNS
FOR HELP!...

IT...IT'S
DOREEN
...THE...THE
TRAPEZE
GIRL!

OPERATOR!!
GET ME EMIL
CLAXTON AT THE
ROYAL RITZ...
QUICK!! THERE'S
BEEN A **MURDER!!**
AT HIS CARNIVAL!!

AT THE ROYAL RITZ HOTEL,
WE FIND EMIL CLAXTON...

A...A
MURDER!!
...
GREAT
SCOTT!!

I'LL CALL
CLAXTON
RIGHT
AWAY SIR!
... HELLO..
RITZ
HOTEL?

SO... DOREEN WOULDN'T
MARRY ME, EH? WELL
I'LL BE RID OF HER
BEFORE LONG!

RING
RING
RING

THE SCENE SHIFTS TO A
THIRD-RATE HOTEL WHERE
PALIACCI, THE CLOWN STARES
IN THE MIRROR
UNHAPPILY....

AND WHEN
CLAXTON
ANSWERS
THE
PHONE!

MURDERED!
DOREEN'S
MURDERED!
BUT IT CAN'T
BE... I'D BETTER
CALL EVERYONE
AND TELL
THEM TO COME
OVER TO THE
CARNIVAL
RIGHT
AWAY!

LAUGH AT ME,
WILL SHE! DOREEN'S
NOT WORTH IT!
SHE'S NOT WORTH
IT! SHE'S LAUGHED
AT ME FOR THE
LAST TIME

THE PHONE RINGS AND PALIACCI ANSWERS IT...



YES, MR. CLAXTON... I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!

I WONDER IF IT COULD BE THAT... ?!?

IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN, TWO OTHER MEMBERS OF CLAXTON'S CARNIVAL ARE DESCENDING IN THE SAME ELEVATOR... TEXAS JIM, THE COWBOY, AND SARDINI, THE MAGICIAN!



SO CLAXTON PHONED YOU TOO, EH, JIM? ...DOREEN'S BEEN MURDERED !!!

YOU OUGHTA KNOW! YOU HATED HER, SARDINI, BECAUSE SHE HAD HER NAME IN LIGHTS!!

AND AS THEY LEAVE THE HOTEL...

YOU'RE A FINE ONE TO MAKE ACCUSATIONS! ...YOU PROBABLY PRACTICED YOUR ROPE TRICK ON HER AND HUNG HER!!



IN A FAR CORNER OF THE LOBBY, THE BLACK HOOD IS GIVING AUTOGRAPHS TO WAR STAMP BUYERS...



S. SAY...!

I'LL TEACH YOU TO ACCUSE ME!

SOCK

NOT SO FAST! TAKE IT EASY, BOYS! WHAT GOES ON HERE ??

HELLO, BLACK HOOD.. DOREEN HAS BEEN MURDERED AT THE CARNIVAL AND THAT ROPE-JUGGLER IS ACCUSING ME!!



THE TRAPEZE ARTIST! YES, I'VE SEEN HER ACT!! HAS ANYONE TOLD HER HUSBAND YET... ...I WONDER ?!?



I'LL MEET YOU AT THE CARNIVAL... AND NO MORE FIGHTING, DO YOU HEAR?

DOREEN AND HER HUSBAND USED TO LIVE IN THE SUBURBS! TOO BAD THEY'VE NO TELEPHONE! THAT MEANS I'LL HAVE TO BREAK THE NEWS MYSELF!



LUCK'S WITH ME... THEY'RE LIVING AT THE SAME ADDRESS!

THE GREAT REX, DOREEN'S HUSBAND LOOKS OUT OF AN UPPER WINDOW...

MINUTES LATER, THE BLACK HOOD HAS BROKEN THE NEWS AS GENTLY AS POSSIBLE...



W-WHAT DO YOU WANT?

IT'S VERY IMPORTANT! MR. REX, LET ME IN!

THIS IS TERRIBLE, TERRIBLE!!

GET DRESSED, MR. REX! WE'D BETTER GO TO THE CARNIVAL!

AT THE CARNIVAL ENSUES A WEIRD SCENE MEMBERS GATHER UNDER THE SWAYING SHADOW OF THE TRAPEZE ARTIST!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! WE WERE REHEARSING A NEW ACT, EARLIER THIS EVENING! DOREEN SAID, SHE'D SPEND THE NIGHT WITH MADAME ZONGA!

THE FORTUNE TELLER? I'LL HAVE TO SPEAK TO HER!



WE'VE MET ALL OF YOU, NOW! ALL EXCEPT MADAME ZONGA!

I AM SHE! WHAT DO YOU WANT!



DID DOREEN SPEND THE NIGHT AT YOUR HOME, MADAME ZONGA?

SHE CERTAINLY DID NOT! I WOULD NOT HAVE THAT WOMAN, ANYWHERE NEAR ME! AND I'M GLAD SHE'S DEAD! I HATED HER!

NO, VERY PECULIAR!

DID YOU EVER SEE A KNOT, LIKE THE ONE AROUND HER NECK?

ALL RIGHT, YOU! YOU CAN ALL GO HOME NOW, BUT DON'T ANY OF YOU TRY TO LEAVE TOWN!

MINUTES LATER WHEN THE CARNIVAL IS DESERTED.

I'VE AN IDEA... THINK I'LL INVESTIGATE..

I MIGHT FIND SOMETHING INTERESTING IN DOREEN'S DRESSING ROOM...

HMMM... CLOSED! WELL, I'LL JUST HAVE TO FORCE IT...

... LIKE THAT, OOOOF!

LOOK OUT, BLACK HOOD.. THOSE HANDS!!

MINUTES LATER, WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVE, THE BLACK HOOD DOES A LITTLE FIGURING OF HIS OWN...

YOU GOT HOLD OF HER, MIKE?

HMMM! EVERY SINGLE MEMBER OF THIS CARNIVAL HATED DOREEN, AND HAD A MOTIVE FOR WANTING TO KILL HER!



SUDDENLY, THE PAIR OF HANDS REACH OUT AND LIKE A VISE, CLAMP TIGHTER AND TIGHTER....



I'LL DO THE TEACHING, BLACK HOOD. AND YOU'LL LEARN PLENTY!

GRAB AT ME, WHEN MY BACK'S TURNED, WILL YOU? MAYBE THIS'LL TEACH YOU TO BE MORE POLITE!



IN A BLINDING MOMENT THE HOOD CRASHES TO THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS..



THAT SETTLES HIS HASH! I'D BETTER GET OUT, WHILE THE GETTING'S GOOD!



HOURS PASS... THE CRIME IS STILL A MYSTERY... AND AS THE GREY FINGERS OF MORNING POINT OUT ANOTHER DAY, THE CARNIVAL PERFORMERS REHEARSE FOR THAT AFTERNOON'S SHOW....



REX, THE ACROBAT WATCHES EVERYONE SUSPICIOUSLY...



JO-JO, THE CLOWN MUST HAVE KILLED HER! HE TRIED TO MAKE UP TO DOREEN, BUT SHE ONLY LAUGHED AT HIM!



AND THEN THE HUSBAND OF THE MURDERED WOMAN TURNS AND WATCHES....

..TEXAS JIM! HE'S VERY HANDY WITH A ROPE... COULD HE HAVE STRUNG UP DOREEN?



OR WAS IT CLAXTON, THE CARNIVAL OWNER, OR SARDINI?? THERE IS THAT ROPE TRICK HE DOES! WHO...? WHO KILLED HER?



UPSTAIRS IN DOREEN'S DRESSING-ROOM THE BLACK HOOD ASKS HIMSELF THE SAME QUESTION...

WHO DID IT? OBVIOUSLY THE SAME PERSON WHO CONKED ME ON THE HEAD TO PREVENT ME FROM CONTINUING MY EXAMINATION! HMM! A GAS-BURNER FOR MELTING MAKE-UP!



OH HELLO, HOOD! MAY I COME IN??

CERTAINLY, REX! I'M DOING A LITTLE INVESTIGATING! SAAY.. WHAT'S THIS?



WHERE DID DOREEN GET THIS REVOLVER??



OH, I GAVE IT TO HER, TO PROTECT HERSELF! YOU KNOW WHAT CARNIVAL LIFE IS!

YES, I DO! HELLO, WHAT HAVE WE HERE? TOOLS? A HAMMER!



OK, YES. THE CARPENTER LEFT THEM! HE WAS PUTTING UP SHELVES FOR DOREEN!!

I'M GOING DOWN TO THE MORGUE, TO TAKE ANOTHER LOOK AT YOUR WIFE'S BODY. I THINK I'VE DISCOVERED SOMETHING!



I HOPE YOU TRACK DOWN THE BLACK MURDERER!!

IT IS NOON, AND THE BLACK HOOD RETURNS TO FIND THE CARNIVAL DESERTED... SUDDENLY A BLACK FORM HURTTLES DOWN OUT OF THE SHADOWS.



GREAT SCOTT! WHAT'S THIS?

THE HOOD SWINGS WITH A TERRIFIC LEFT HOOK, BUT MISSES AS HIS ATTACKER DUCKS...



... AND DIVES INTO A NEARBY MAGIC BOX...



YOU'RE NO MAGICIAN, PAL! YOU WON'T GET FAR!!

BUT WITH THE AGILITY OF A CAT THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE CLIMBS TO THE TOP OF THE BOX...



THAT'LL BE QUITE A BLOW TO YOU!



OHNNN! AHNNN! I.. GOT.. TO.. GET.. TO MY.. FEET... BEFORE HE... GETS.. AWAY!



CURSE HIS TOUGH SKULL! THAT SANDBAG BLOW... SHOULD HAVE FINISHED HIM!

SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU.. BUT YOU'RE A PRETTY PERSISTENT GUY..!!



WELL, I DON'T LIKE BEING FOLLOWED! THIS BICYCLE IS JUST THE THING!!





BUT WITH A SUDDEN LURCH THE BLACK HOOD TWISTS OUT OF HARM'S WAY...



I'LL CUT THESE ROPES, AND SWING AWAY ON THIS TRAPEZE!

LEAVING SO SOON?



THE PLATFORM! IT'S SHAKING! IT'S GOING TO CRASH!

WITH EVERY MUSCLE STRAINING, THE HOOD LEAPS ACROSS THE YAWNING CHASM...



HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!

SNAP

THE SUDDEN ADDED WEIGHT ON THE ATTACKER'S HANDS TEARS THEM LOOSE AND...

CRASH



AND STEELY FINGERS GRASP AT THE KILLER'S ANKLE!

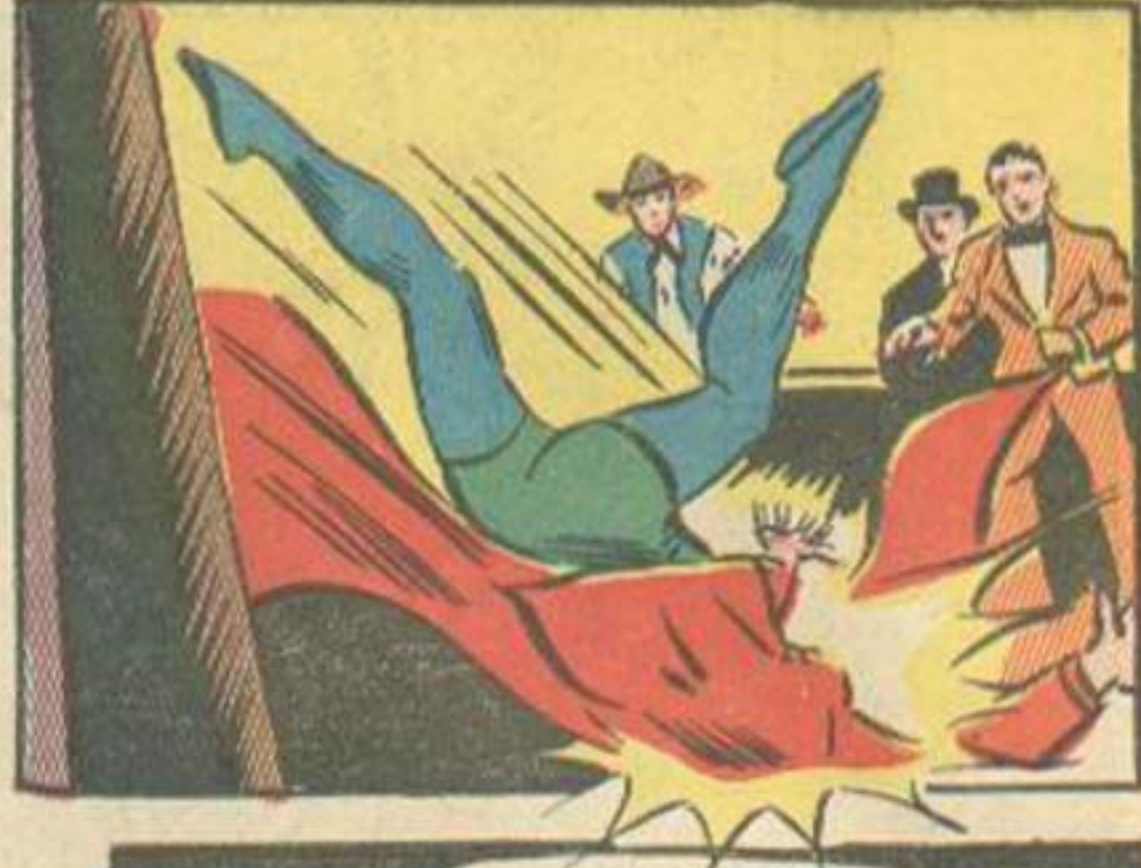


H-HELP! I-I'M FALLING!



IN A FINAL DESPERATE EFFORT THE HOOD LETS GO AND HIS FINGERS CLOSE LIKE A STEEL VISE ON ANOTHER TRAPEZE...

S-SAVE ME!



SECONDS LATER...



WHY, IT'S REX! IS HE...??

HE'S DEAD, MR. CLAXTON! HE TRIED TO KILL ME, BECAUSE I KNEW HE KILLED HIS WIFE!

HOW DO YOU KNOW?

VERY SIMPLE! I EXAMINED DOREEN'S DRESSING ROOM, AND FOUND THREE

WAYS OF KILLING HER! GAS, A REVOLVER, AND A HAMMER!

NOW THE ONLY REASON THE MURDERER WOULDN'T USE THESE HANDY METHODS.. WAS TO IMPLICATE SOMEBODY ELSE!

B. BUT..

FINGERMARKS UNDER THE ROPE PROVED, REX STRANGLED DOREEN, LAST NIGHT WHILE THEY WERE REHEARSING! THOSE FINGER-MARKS POINTED DOWNWARD!

ONLY AN ACROBAT HANGING HEAD-DOWN OVER HIS QUARRY WOULD HAVE LEFT SUCH IMPRINTS! AND THE MOTIVE? SHEER JEALOUSY!

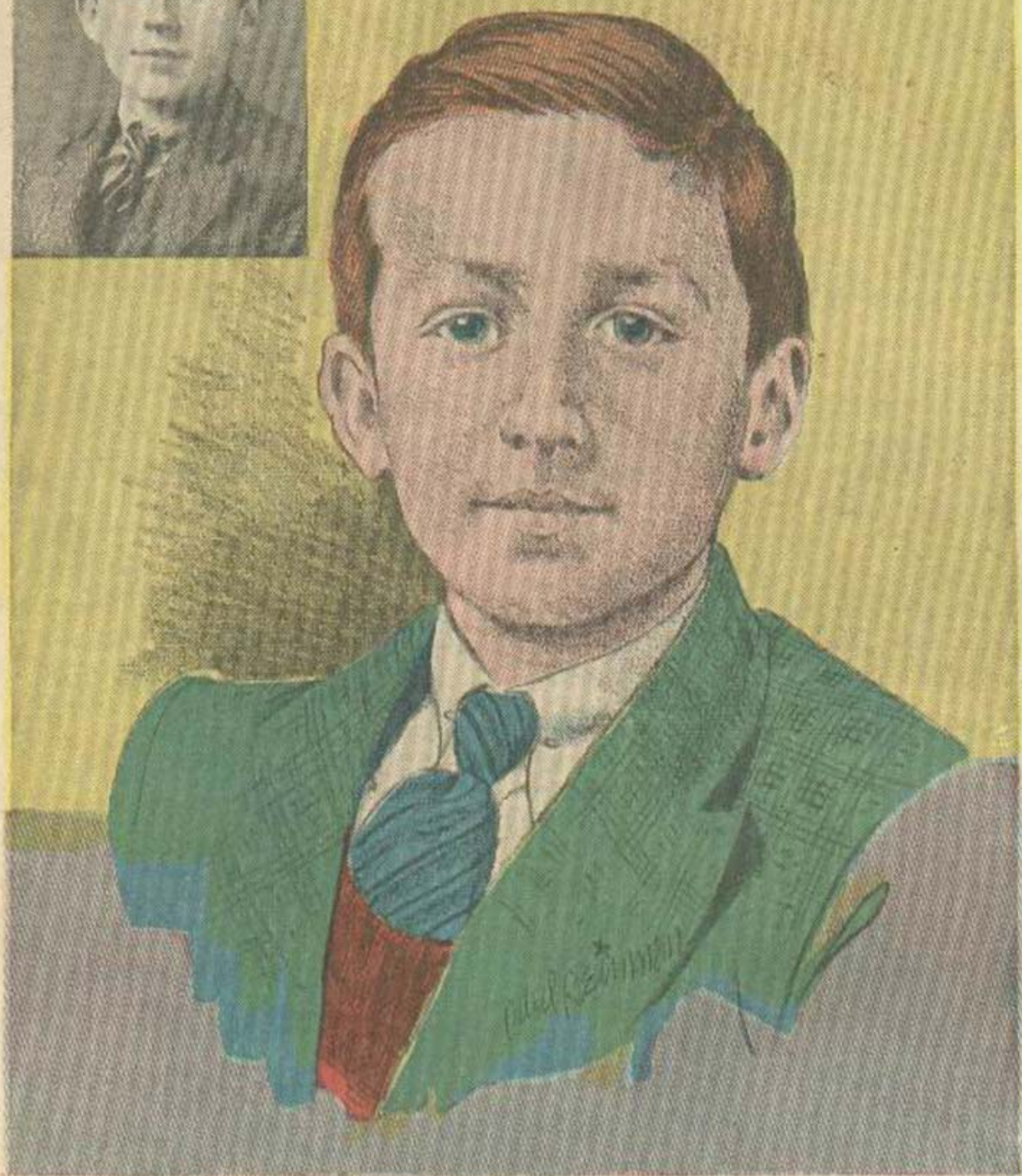
BECAUSE HIS WIFE WAS REGARDED AS A BETTER ACROBAT!... AND NOW, FOLKS... THE BLACK HOOD BIDS YOU GOOD-BYE!

... WHO DID REX WANT TO INCRIMINATE?

YOU, SARDINI! AND TO DO THIS, REX USED THE SAME KNOT ON HIS WIFE'S NECK AS YOU USE IN YOUR INDIAN ROPE TRICK! BUT IT WASN'T BY HANGING THAT DOREEN DIED!..



The End



CARL OSCAR GRAVES, KNOBEL, ARKANSAS, THE WINNER OF THE MARCH TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS CONTEST!

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THE BEST LETTER WILL RECEIVE A HAND-COLORED, LIFE-SIZED PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF OR HERSELF! AND EVEN IF YOU DON'T WIN YOUR PICTURE WILL APPEAR IN TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS! EVERYBODY IS ELIGIBLE, EVEN IF YOU'VE ALREADY TRIED!

THE MAN WITH THE CROOKED SMILE

A BLACK HOOD STORY

by GERALD KEAN

A RED-FACED man with a crooked smile crossed the street anxiously, every now and then looking cautiously behind him. But he was too intent upon his purpose to see the swiftly moving shadows behind him, shadows which camouflaged the identity of that nemesis of the night, THE BLACK HOOD. The man with the crooked smile rang the doorbell at Number 17 Hemo Street. After a moment he could hear the footsteps of a heavy person clad in carpet-slippers thumping nearer and nearer. Finally, a squeak as the door was unlatched . . . slowly it swung open.

"I'd like to rent a room," said the man to the fat housekeeper who stood in the doorway. "But it must be on the west side of the house . . . it must!"

"Follow me," was the reply. The woman waddled back into the darkness, her new boarder at her heels.

That night, the man with the crooked smile had visitors. They spoke in hushed whispers as they puffed at their cigarettes in a room thick with curling smoke.

"What's the angle, Smiley?"

The man with the crooked smile crushed the blue smoke out of his butt with a brown-stained thumb.

"We begin tonight, boys. I got everyt'ing we need in my suitcase. De bank vault is right against dis wall here. Inna coupla hours we oughta get right thru

it. Swipe everyt'ing in sight, cement up de wall, and we got a whole week-end to make a get-away. I wanna be outa here by morning. I on'y paid for one night's rent!"

"Always jokin'," said one of the thugs, "what a character!"

Smiley's smile suddenly became a creased look of warning.

"Shuddup, you mugs, and get busy!"

* * *

At the same moment the Chief of Police leaned his large feet on several steel boxes and surveyed the BLACK HOOD.

"If you're right, Hood, we'll be sitting in on the end of the craftiest safe-slicer in the states. But if you're wrong, it'll mean my job."

"Don't worry, Chief—in ten minutes my prophecy will be an actuality!"

Silently the pair waited, and soon a faint hammering was heard. Gradually the plaster began to chip off the wall, and minutes later the sharp edge of a chisel cut through the wall.

"Come on, mugs, an' hurry up," said Smiley, the first to step through the opening in the wall. Suddenly he froze in his tracks. "De Black Hood! How did he get here?" In the twisting of two seconds Smiley made up his mind and dove through the jagged hole. But the Black Hood was too quick for him. Like a bolt of lightning, the latter's massive body smashed

after the criminal. Inside the room at Number 17, the mobsters crouched in fear behind the cool, nerveless Smiley, nerveless because in his hands he held a powerful tommy-gun.

"I don't like visitors who aren't announced," he said icily. "Dat's why I got dis hardware pointed atcher chest."

The Black Hood sprung like an uncoiled cobra at the triggerman. Smiley let him have it! Bullets whizzed out of the gun, imbedding themselves in the Black Hood's arms, his chest, his shoulders. But the Hood bit his lips till they bled to keep from collapsing under the pain. With powerful fists he bashed right and left until Smiley and his lieutenants were left whimpering on the floor.

Later, as his wounds were being dressed, reporters crowded round. Never before had they been able to interview the Black Hood. Nor had he ever been wounded so severely before. What a story it would make!

"How about giving us the low-down, Hood . . .?"

"The Chief of Police ought to take all the credit," said the Hood modestly. "I just happened to mention to him how extraordinary it was that a well-known criminal like Smiley, with lots of money, preferred to live in the business district next to a bank!"

A grin crossed the Black Hood's face, a grin quite unlike that of the man with the crooked smile.

Señor SIESTA

by Don Dean

THROUGH NO FAULT OF HIS OWN, LITTLE SEÑOR SIESTA MUST FIGHT A DUEL WITH SEÑOR SATANI, WHO HAS BEEN A GREAT BOON TO THE UNDERTAKERS OF MEXICO.

EVERYBODY
EVERY FRIDAY



SIESTA, I WEEEL NOT ALLOW YOU TO BE INSULTED! **YOU** WEEEL DUEL THE SEÑOR SATANI TOMORROW. ---REMEMBER I AM **BEHIND** YOU!

I WOULD FEEL MUCH SAFER EEF YOU WERE EEN **FRONT** OF ME!

NOW WEETH SUCH AN ORDEAL FACING YOU TOMORROW, YOU MUST HAVE REST! COME, WE GO TO THE HOTEL!

SANCHO, AS USUAL YOU THEENK **ONCE** FOR ME AND **TWICE** FOR YOURSELF!

ATTENTION, SEÑOR!! WE WEEESH A ROOM FOR THE NIGHT!

SI! SI! SEÑOR, WEETH BATH?

☆ @ **SANTA S'MOSES** ☆ **CARAMBA!** @ ☆
☆ @ ☆ SUCH AN IMPUDENT QUESTION TO ASK TWO SUCH GENTLEMEN AS WE--
--- **OF COURSE NOT!**



WEEL THEES ROOM BE SATISFACTORY, GRACIOUS SENORES?

HMMMM, EET LOOKS HOKAY, BUT I HOPE THERE EES NOT A **SEENGLE** BED BUG EEN HERE!



OH, NO, NO, SEÑOR --- THEY ARE ALL **MARRIED** AND HAVE CHILDREN!



NOW, SIESTA, MY FRAN, YOU JUST LAY DOWN AND RELAX. I WEEL BE BACK SHORTLY!

BUT --- WHERE ARE YOU GOING, SANCHO?



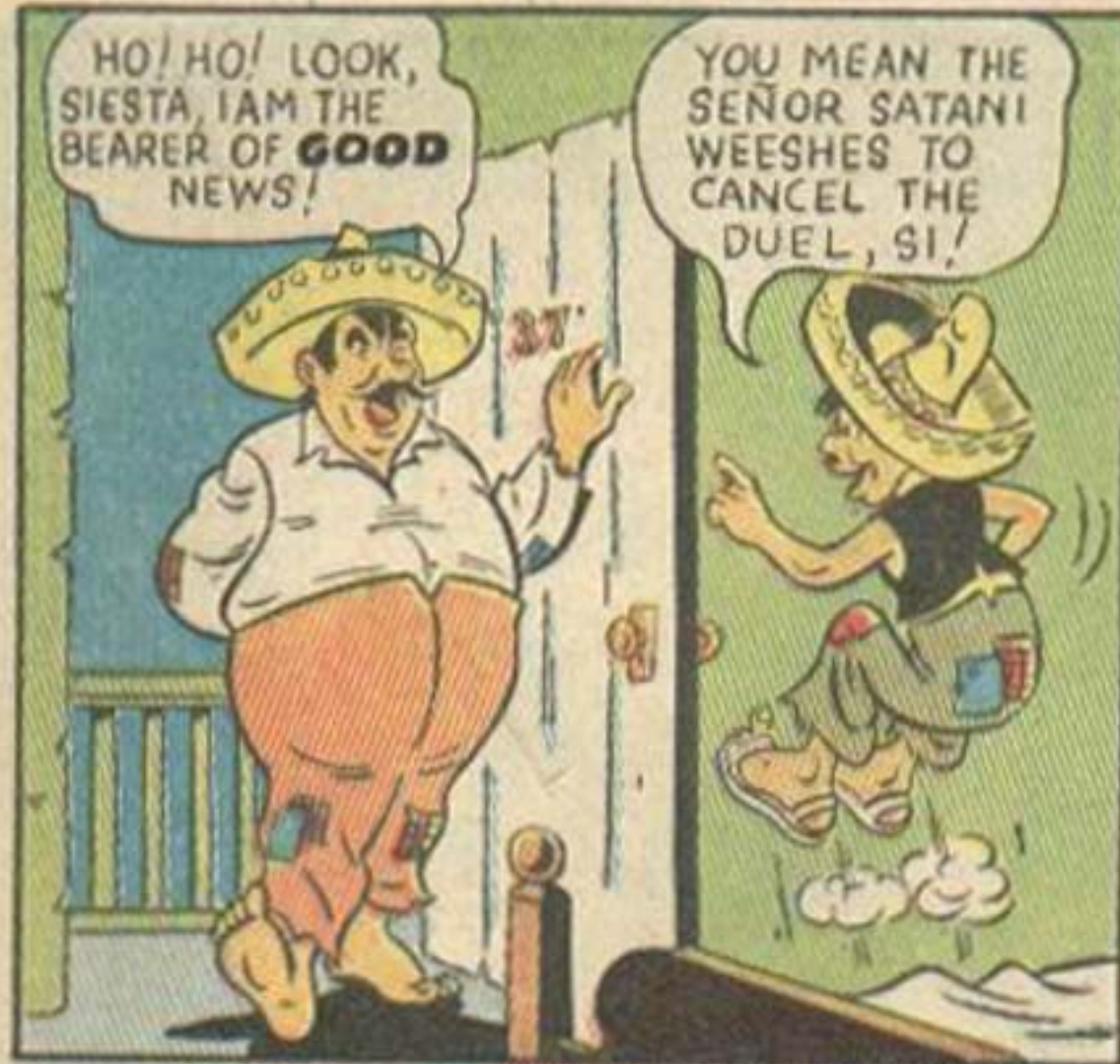
OUT TO GEET A **BEEG** INSURANCE POLICY ON YOU, MY FRAN!



(GROAN) MY HEART SHE EES SAD --- TOMORROW I FIGHT THE DUEL WEETH SEÑOR SATANI, GREATEST PEESTOL SHOT EEN ALL MEXICO! WHAT WEEL I DO!



HMMM, SOMEWAN HAS LEFT THEES EMPTY MEEDICINE BOTTLES HERE --- EET GEEVES ME THE **BEEG** IDEA! SI, SI!



HO! HO! LOOK, SIESTA, I AM THE BEARER OF **GOOD NEWS!**

YOU MEAN THE SEÑOR SATANI WEESES TO CANCEL THE DUEL, SI!



NO, LEETLE PEANOOT, I GOT THEES INSURANCE POLICY ON YOU FOR **FIVE THOUSAND PESOS**— NOW WE HAVE NOTHEENG TO WORRY ABOUT! HO! HO! HO!



EET EES NO USE, SANCHO, I CANNOT GEET TO SLEEP!

DO LIKE I TOLD YOU, SIESTA, COUNT THE **SHEEP!**



BOOT I DO NOT LIKE **MUTTON!**

BAA! FOO! THEN COUNT PRETTY SENORITAS!



10,465
10,466
10,467
10,468
10,469
10,4..

SNORE
ZZZZZZZ!



205,901
205,902
205,903
ZZZZZ DOZE

HEY, SIESTA! WAKE OOP!! YOU WANT TO SLEEP ALL DAY?

HURRY, SIESTA, OR WE WEEL BE LATE. THE DUEL EES TO BE FOUGHT BEHIND THE SANTA ROSA CEMETERY!

THEES SEÑOR SATANI THEENKS OF **EVERYTHEENG**, NO!

SI, EET WEEL BE A WARM DAY AND HE DOES NOT WEESH YOU TO **SPOIL!**

GULP!

LOOK! THERE EES SEÑOR SATANI NOW, ON THE FIELD OF HONOR!

HOW I WEESH HE WERE **UNDER** EET!

BUENOS DIAS, SENORES! SIESTA, YOU MAY CHOOSE WHAT WEEL COMBAT WEETH!

HOKAY! CREAM PUFFS AT THREE PACES!

SILENCE!! DO NOT WASTE THE GREAT SATANI'S TIME, NAME YOUR WEAPONS, SKUNK!

EEF I WERE A SKUNK I WOULDN'T NEED ANYTHEENG ELSE!

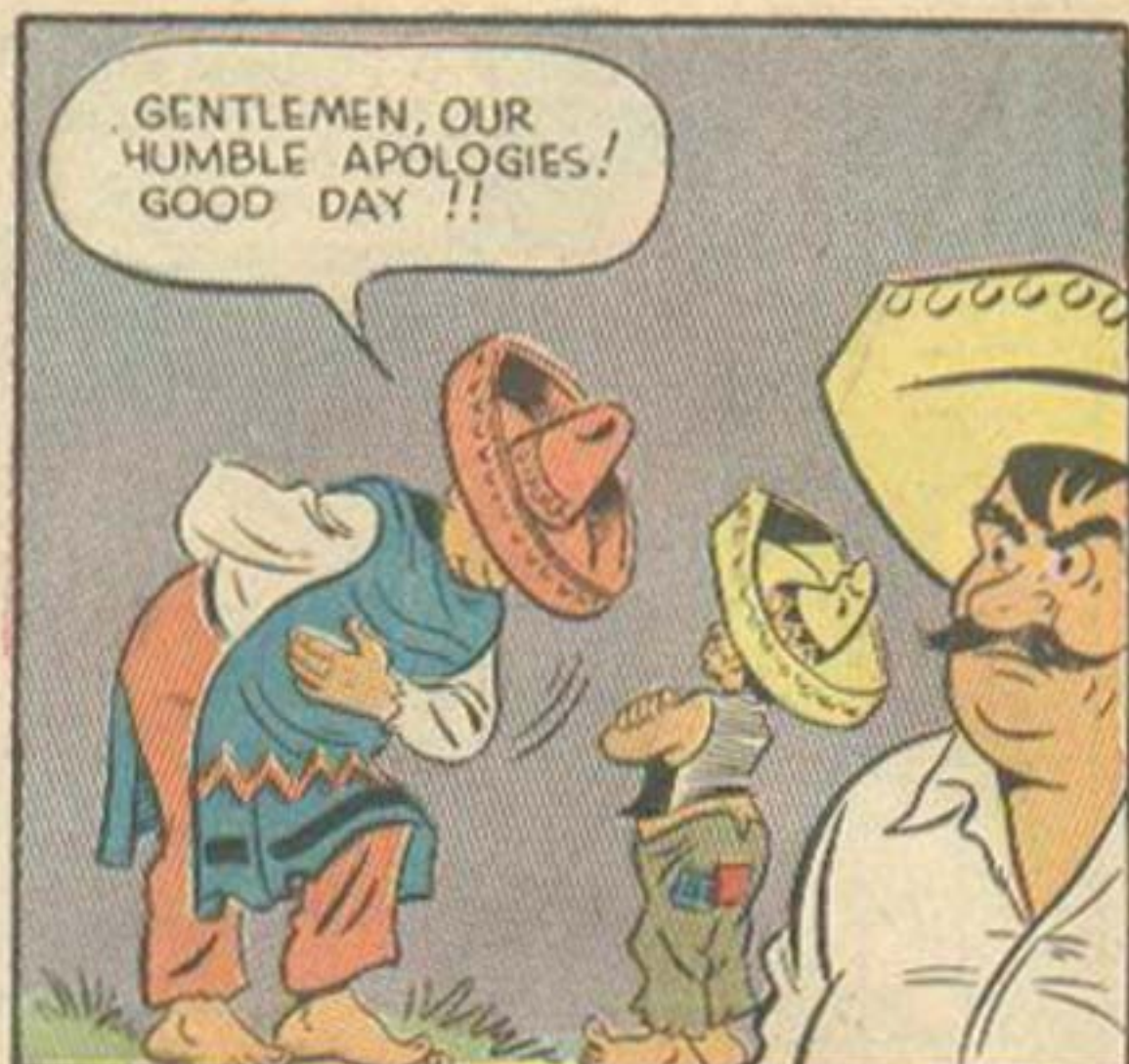
SEÑOR SIESTA, MAKE YOUR SELECTION! **SWORDS** OR **PISTOLS!**

ERR-- AA

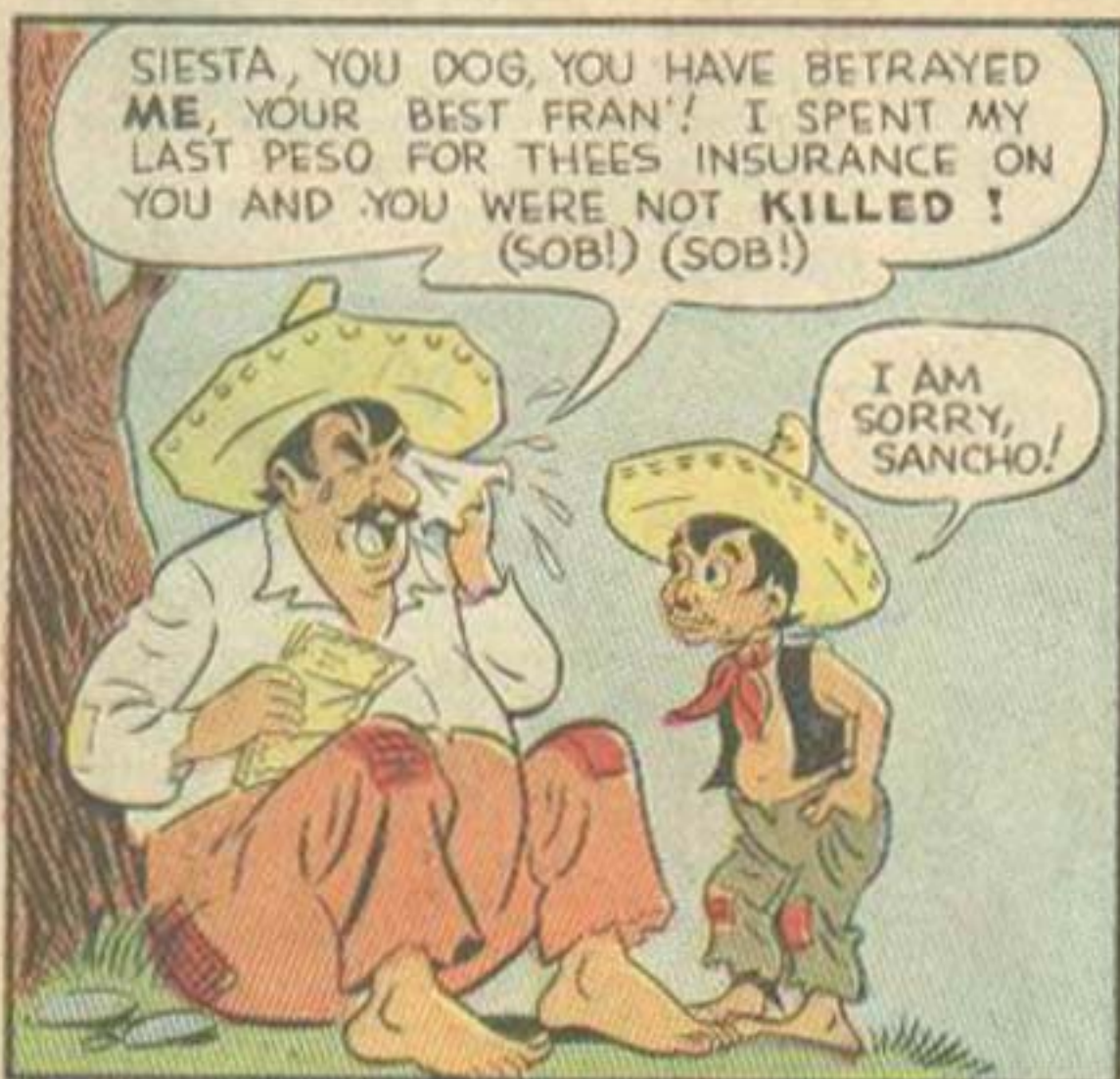




NO! NO! I CAN'T DO EET! I WON'T DO EET !!



GENTLEMEN, OUR HUMBLE APOLOGIES! GOOD DAY !!



SIESTA, YOU DOG, YOU HAVE BETRAYED ME, YOUR BEST FRAN! I SPENT MY LAST PESO FOR THEES INSURANCE ON YOU AND YOU WERE NOT KILLED! (SOB!) (SOB!)

I AM SORRY, SANCHO!



BOOT EET EES NOT TOO LATE! DRINK THE BOTTLE WEET THE **POISON**. AND THEN I CAN STILL COLLECT, SI?

POISON? HO! HO! HO! THERE EES ONLY **COLOR**ED WATER EEN BOTH OF THESE!



BAH! I NEVAJ WEEN!

HO! HO! HO! AGAIN MY LIFE EES BEAU-TI-FOOL! I FEEL SO LUCKY I THEENK I HAVE MY FORTUNE TOLD!

PALM READINGS INSIDE



GOOD DAY, SEÑORA, I WEESH MY FORTUNE TOLD ME!

GET EES BEST YOU WASTE NOT YOUR TIME HERE -- YOU ARE **DOOMED**, SEÑOR, **DOOMED!!**

POOR LITTLE SEÑOR SIESTA!! A HORRIBLE FATE AWAITS HIM-- BUT WITH PLENTY OF LAUGHS-- SO BE WITH US NEXT MONTH!!

ARCHIE COMICS IS RIDING THE CREST OF A WAVE!
A WAVE OF LETTERS POURING IN BY THE THOUSANDS—ALL SHOUTING THEIR DELIGHT ABOUT AMERICA'S MOST SENSATIONALLY FUNNY CHARACTER—"ARCHIE, THE MIRTH OF A NATION" AND THOSE SIDE-SPLITTING FEATURES-----

JUDGE OWL

CUBBY
THE BEAR

BUMBIE, THE
BEE-TECTIVE

SQOIMY,
THE WOIM

ARCHIE'S
PAL
JUGHEAD

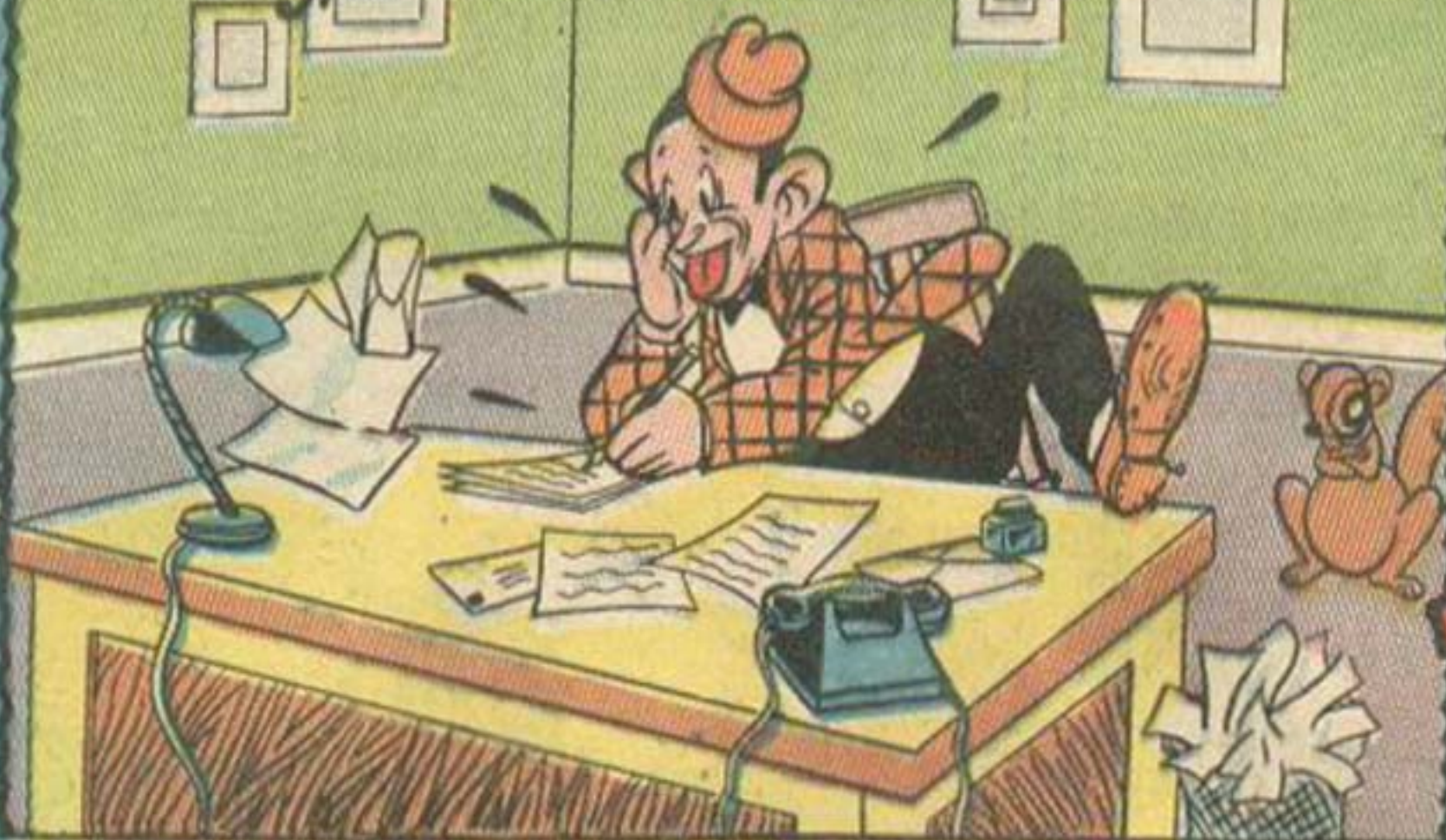
ARCHIE'S
GIRL FRIEND
BETTY COOPER

AND SO WE HAD NO CHOICE! WE WERE FORCED TO BRING OUT ANOTHER ISSUE OF ARCHIE COMICS! ARCHIE COMICS # 2 IS ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTANDS RIGHT NOW! DON'T WALK, RUN TO YOUR NEWSSTAND!

THE SOUPY SLEUTH....

SNOOP

MGOOK



Oct. 31 '42
N.Y. City
Mr. S. Mc Gook
Dear Snoop -
I am a secret admirer of yours. I think you are the most wonderful man. If I should ever decide to be come a crook I would consider it an honor if I were caught by you. If you should ever run for president I would vote for you.
yours
secret admirer



HA! WAIT TILL MY CLIENTS SEE MY FAN MAIL! ESPECIALLY THIS!



SNOOP'S SUPERIOR SLEUTHING SERVICE!

WHAT? ROBBED? Y'DON'T SAY!

MILDEW MANOR? I'LL BE RIGHT THERE!

MAJOR MILDEW? UH HUH!

YUP!



WHOOIE! AT LAST I GOT A CHANCE TO TEST MY NEW ESCAPE SYSTEM!



I WONDER WHAT'S UP! MAJOR MILDEW SOUNDED VERY EXCITED!



HI, GUY! I WANTA SEE YOUR BOSS!

SHHH! YOU'LL DISTURB THE MAJOR! YOU'D BETTER COME BACK NEXT TUESDAY!



DON'T BUT ME, BUTLER! I HAVE IMPORTANT BUSINESS WITH MAJOR MILDEW!

OH!



HE'S IN THERE... BUSY AT HIS ART! DON'T STARTLE HIM OR HE'LL BE VERY ANGRY!



AH! MUCH BETTER, ISN'T IT?

NOTHING LIKE A GOOD MUSTACHE, I ALWAYS SAY!



OOPS! DROPPED MY CHARCOAL!

I'LL GET IT FOR YOU MAJOR!



OOOOHH!



WHY CAN'T YOU BE MORE CAREFUL? WHO ARE YOU ANYWAY?

I'M SNOOP MCGOOK! YOU SENT FOR ME, MAJOR MILDEW!



AH YES! SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAS HAPPENED! MY ENTIRE COLLECTION OF CLAY PIPES HAS DISAPPEARED! YOU'LL HAVE TO FIND THEM! DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

D-DO YOU SUSPECT ANYONE?



SH!



HA!
GO
AWAY!

HA HA
HA HEE HA
HEE HA
HA



PGGT! I THINK MURGISON,
THE BUTLER, IS THE
THIEF! WHEN EVER I
PEEK THROUGH A
KEYHOLE, I FIND
HIM PEEKING
BACK!

OH, I
DO NOT,
YOU FAT
OLD THING!



OH, YOU
DO TOO!

COME, COME! WE
AREN'T GETTING
NOWHERE THIS
WAY! YOU GIVE
HIM THE DAY OFF
AND I'LL SHADOW
HIM!



O.K! YOU
HEAR THAT
MURGISON?

YEAH! HOT
DOG! SO
LONG, BOSS!

HMM! WONDER
IF HE SUSPECTS
WE SUSPECT
HIM?



LATER

MURGISON
WENT IN
THAT HOUSE
ALL RIGHT!
I'LL INVEST-
IGATE!



I'LL TELL
'EM I'M FROM
THE GAS
COMPANY!

KNOCK
KNOCK



WALK RIGHT IN,
BUD! DON'T STAND
ON CEREMONY!



ER... AY YUST
DE GAS MAN! AY
KOM TO READ DE
METER, PLIZ!



QUIT YER KIDDIN,
COPPER! TIE HIM
UP, BOYS, AND TOSS
HIM IN THE CELLAR!
I'M GON' OVER TO SEE
LOUIE, DE FENCE, ABOUT
DESE PIPES!





DIS GUY IS NUTS! I'M GONNA SCRAM!

?!@X*!



YER ALL UNDER ARREST! WHAT'S YOUR GAME, LAD?



HEY!



DISTURBING THE PEACE... ASSAULT... CARRYING GUNS WITHOUT A LICENCE... CONTRIBUTING TO DELINQUENCY OF JUVENILES, ETC...

TSK TSK TSK



I CAN EXPLAIN EVERYTHING, CAPTAIN! I'M TRACING DOWN A DANGEROUS RING OF CROOKS THAT STOLE THE VALUABLE MILDEW PIPE COLLECTION! NOW HERE'S WHAT I WANT YOU TO DO...



IT SOUNDS PHONEY BUT WE'LL GIVE YOU ENOUGH ROPE TO HANG YOURSELF! GO AHEAD!

THANKS! BE SURE TO HAVE THOSE POLICEMEN THERE LIKE YOU SAID!



WAGGON RETURNS TO THE CELLAR OF MURGISON'S HANGOUT...

WELL, I'VE GOT MR. MILDEW'S PIPES AND... WHAT'S THAT?



NOW TO FINISH OFF DAT DOPEY DICK!

WOT IN TH-? THE JOINT'S FLOODED! HE MUST BE DROWNED!



OOOOOOH! I DIDN'T EXPECT THEM BACK SO SOON! IF THEY FIND ME HERE I'M SUNK!

I HOPE THEY FIND THE NOTE I LEFT UPSTAIRS!



HEY, CHIEF!
DA PIPES IS GONE! HERE'S A NOTE!



LEMME SEE THAT... I AM RETURNING-MR. MILDEW'S COLLECTION TO HIM! PHOOEY ON YOU JERKS! SNOOP MCGOOK

JOIKS? WHO-US?



WHY THAT LITTLE !! G * / ? ? C'MON, BOYS, WE'RE GOIN' BACK TO MILDEW'S SHACK AND GET THOSE 'PIPES'!

YEAH! DIS TIME WE WON'T MISS!



OKAY, MILDEW! TROT OUT THOSE YOU-KNOW-WHATS- AND MAKE IT SNAPPY!

MURGISON!



STICK 'EM UP! WE'VE GOT YOU COVERED!

YEAH! IT'S A PINCH!



WONDERFUL WORK, MR. MCGOOK! FINE JOB! FOLLOW ME AND YOU'LL BE REWARDED!

\$\$\$
\$\$\$
\$\$\$
\$\$\$



ER... THIS COLLECTION OF PIPES MUST BE VERY VALUABLE, -I IMAGINE!

YES, YES, YES, INDEED! AH YES!



IN FACT, I NEVER USE ANYTHING ELSE!



PERFECT FOR TARGET PRACTICE! COME ON, MCGOOK, GRAB YOURSELF A GUN, AND WE'LL HAVE SOME FUN!

BANG!

WHOOOP!

WHEN A MERRY-GO-ROUND HORSE GOES AROUND BITING PEOPLES HANDS OFF, YOU CAN BE SURE OF PLENTY OF EXCITEMENT. ITS SNOOP MCGOOK'S STRANGEST CASE TO DATE! DON'T MISS THESE PAGES NEXT MONTH!

ALL THAT WORK, AND NO MONEY!

A SNOOP McGOOK STORY by VIVIAN LIPMAN

ONCE again that super-duper private detective extraordinary, Snoop McGook, had a client. There are some who would dispute Snoop McGook's right to have a client, claiming he never solved a case in his life, or if he did, it was just an accident. However, Snoop had a PRIVATE DETECTIVE sign on his door, so naturally, that made him a private detective, and gave him priority claims on any clients that were floating around.

Anyhow, Snoop McGook's client came into his office one bright, sunny morning, and said, "Mr. McGook, my butler has been receiving letters threatening his life for the past two weeks, and they are getting fiercer. I don't want to take this to the police because of the publicity, so will you please see what you can do about it?"

"Is there anything you can tell me about those letters?"

"My butler can give you the most complete information. In fact I planned on your talking to him personally. He is at my home waiting for you with all the information and letters. I don't mind telling you, Mr. McGook, this has really made me worry, because indirectly the letters threaten my life, also. There will be a very high fee for you if you solve this case."

Snoop looked at his client, and from the wealthy appearance he gave, he knew that what the man had said was true. The call of easy money started his blood running once more, and the entire half pint of red liquid that he owned started racing through his vessels heading for that empty space known as Snoop's head.

"All right," answered Snoop. "I'll start right away."

Snoop obtained the address from the man, who declined to come with him, stating that he had other business to attend to.

Snoop started out on his great adventure, finally reaching his destination. He went up to the doorway of a beautiful little home, rang the door-bell with true McGook self-confidence. He received no answer. Snoop decided not to waste any time, and to get right down to business. He opened the door, walked right in, and found his business . . . lying on the floor, dead! The corpse was a middle-aged man, dressed in a tuxedo. "The typical butler type," thought Snoop.

Quickly, he got to work to discover the murderer, visions of the handsome fee promised him dancing before his eyes. He noticed the man was only dead a few minutes, as his body was still very warm.

"Ah," exclaimed Snoop to himself, "the murderer must still be in the house!"

Then Snoop looked at the knife with which the man had been stabbed. It was just an ordinary kitchen knife.

"Ah, a clue," thought Snoop.

Then he examined the knife a little further. The wooden handle was plainly smeared with buttery fingerprints, some of which were mixed with the blood which stained the knife handle. Suddenly Snoop felt inspired. He thought of the clues offered him, and like a flash the answer came. All the clues pointed to the cook of the house! Snoop made a rush for the kitchen, where he expected to find the cook hiding from him.

Snoop burst through the kitchen door, a trifle dizzy from all this thinking, and much to his surprise, his theory turned out to be correct. There was the killer, a fat, moustached man, calmly washing the blood from one hand, as he held another knife pointed at Snoop in the other.

"Don't come near me!" The man hissed at Snoop.

The visions of green-backs still were before Snoop's eyes, as he made for the murderer. With a quick turn he grabbed the wrist of the man and twisted it, making him drop the knife. Then Snoop stumbled. As he was going down, the top of his head hit the murderer on the chin, and knocked him out. There they both were, cosily situated on the floor, Snoop and the murderer. The only difference was that the murderer was really knocked unconscious while Snoop was just his usual unconscious self.

Snoop dragged the murderer out on the front porch in order to call a cop, when he saw his client walking down the street.

"Hey!" He called, "I've got the man. It's your cook. I was too late. He killed your butler. He's on the floor in your living room."

"You dope!" The client exclaimed. "That isn't my house. I live on the other side of the street. You're fired!"

Snoop's mouth fell loosely open. The first time in his life he had ever really solved a crime, and it turns out to be the wrong one! All that work and no money. Snoop sank to the porch floor in a deeper state of unconsciousness than he had ever been in before. Even that half pint of blood gave up!

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1917 AND MARCH 3, 1932

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2. That the known stockholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: All there are none as stated None.

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4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon

the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; and that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, partnership, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date above given is: (This information is required from daily publications only.)

LOUIS H. SILBERBLATT
Signature of Publisher
Printed in and subscribed before me this 1st day of September, 1942. Maurice O'Connell, City Comptroller
Notary Public for the City and County of New York
(SEAL)

GLOOMY GUS

by
"RED"
HOLMBAEK

THE HOMELESS GHOST

THE HEAVENLY STAR

OBITUARY

GUS GLOOMPUS

HE LEFT THIS WORLD BEFORE
HE SHOULD!
SO AS A GHOST HE'S NO DARNED
GOOD!
UNTIL HE FINDS A BODY THAT'S
STRONG AND ROOMY,
HE'LL KEEP ON WANDERING AND
ALWAYS BE GLOOMY!



YOU'VE GOT TO HELP
ME, PETE! I'VE BEEN
SEARCHING EVERYWHERE!
BUT I CAN'T FIND A BODY
I CAN KEEP!

WELL I'VE
ONLY GOT
ONE PROSPECT
ON TODAY'S
LIST! DO YOU
WANT TO TAKE
HIS BODY OVER?



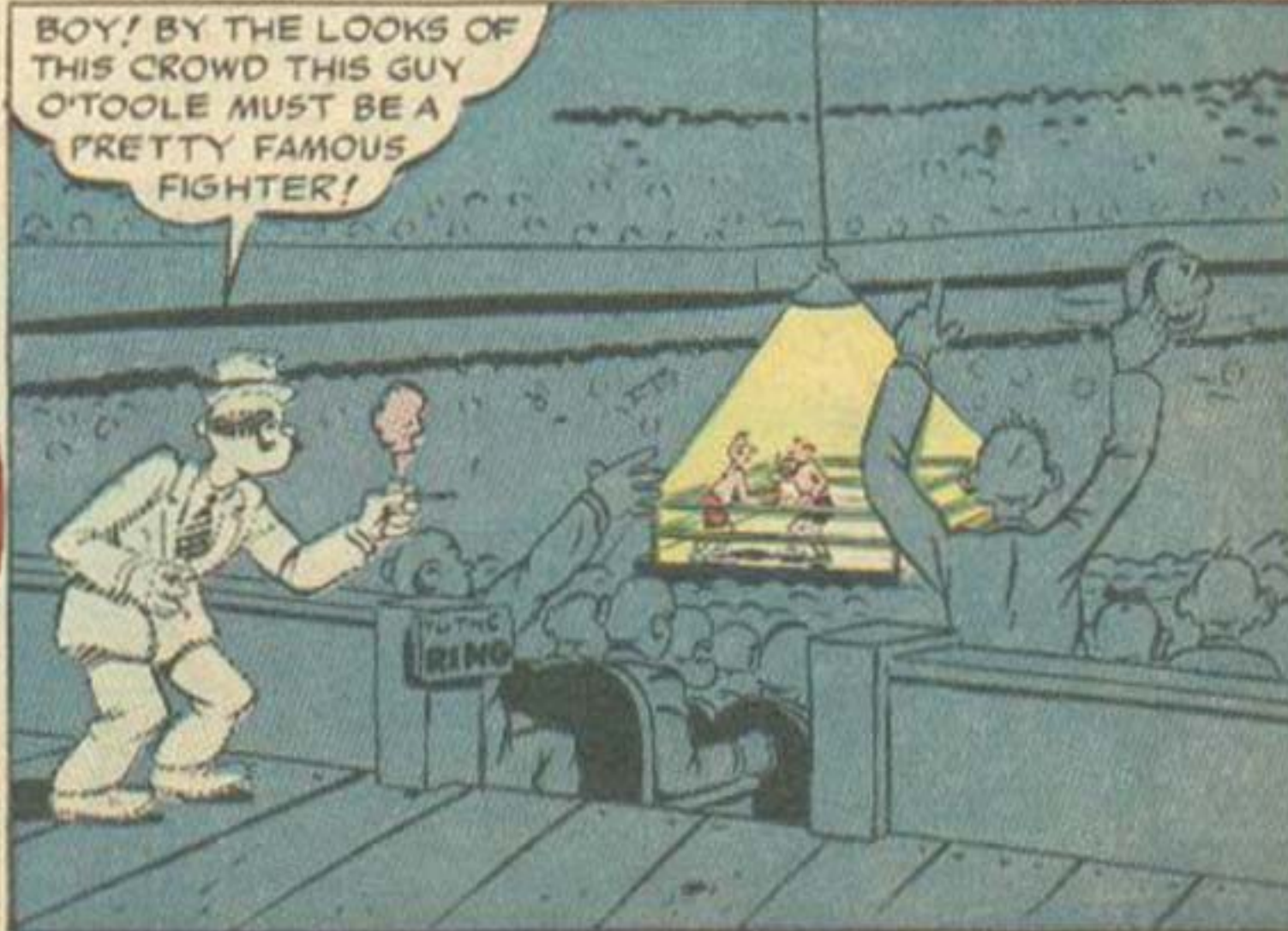
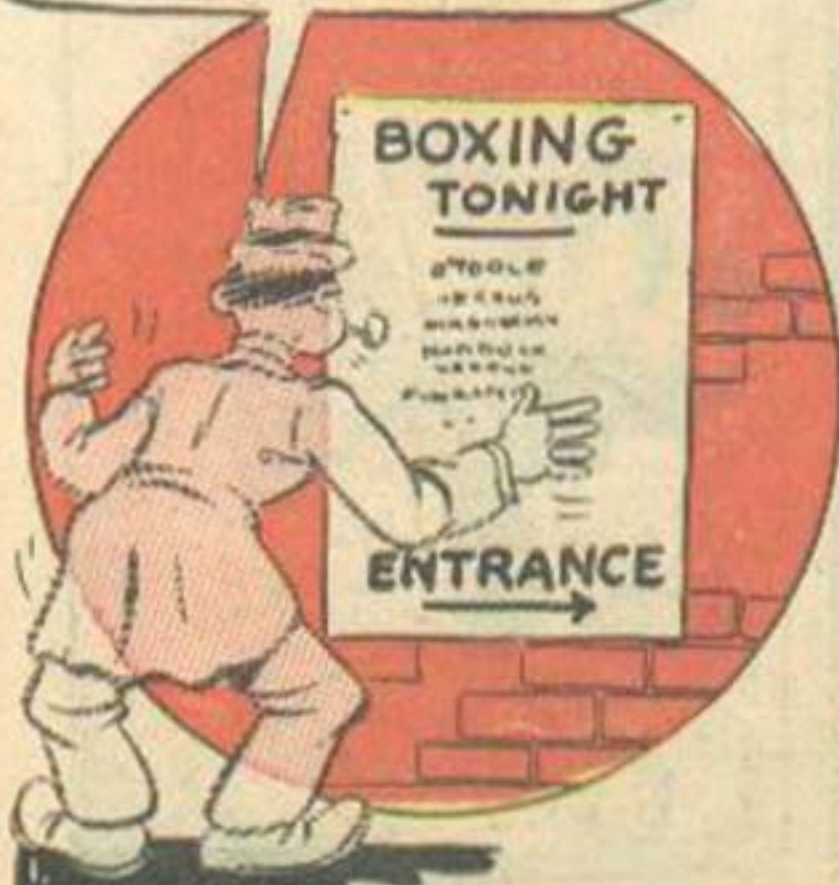
I SUPPOSE, I MIGHT AS
WELL - B-BUT WHAT'S
THE GUY'S NAME AND
WHERE'LL I FIND
HIM?

YOU'LL HAVE TO HUR-
RY, CAUSE HE HASN'T
MUCH TIME LEFT!
JUST GO TO THIS AD-
DRESS AND LOOK FOR
A GUY NAMED PUNCHY
O'TOOLE!



WELL, HERE I AM BACK ON
EARTH! NOW TO FIND THIS GUY
O'TOOLE! GUESS I'LL GO IN
AND LOOK THIS GUY UP!

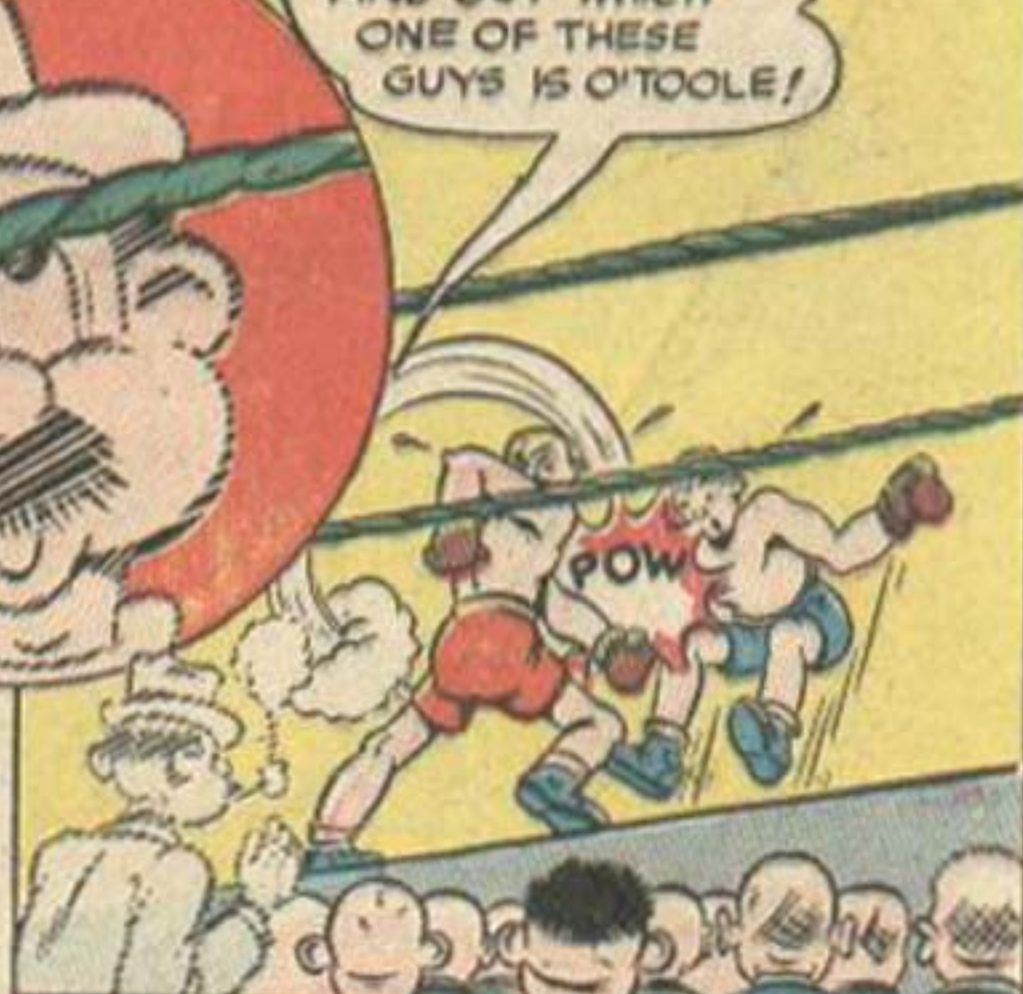
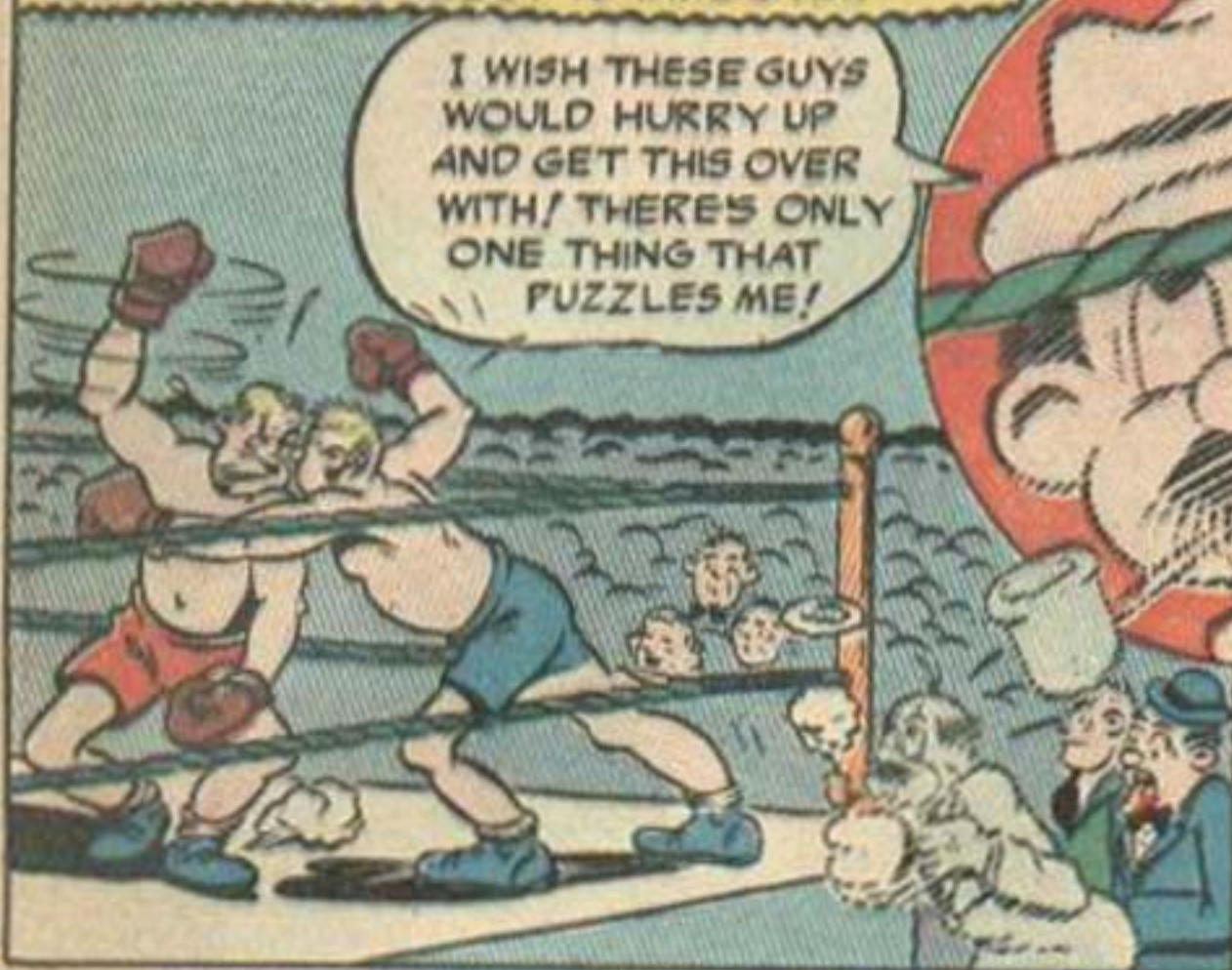
BOY! BY THE LOOKS OF
THIS CROWD THIS GUY
O'TOOLE MUST BE A
PRETTY FAMOUS
FIGHTER!



GUS GOES DOWN TO THE RINGSIDE TO AWAIT THE BODY HE IS ABOUT TO TAKE OVER -----

I WISH THESE GUYS WOULD HURRY UP AND GET THIS OVER WITH! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING THAT PUZZLES ME!

HOW AM I GOING TO FIND OUT WHICH ONE OF THESE GUYS IS O'TOOLE!



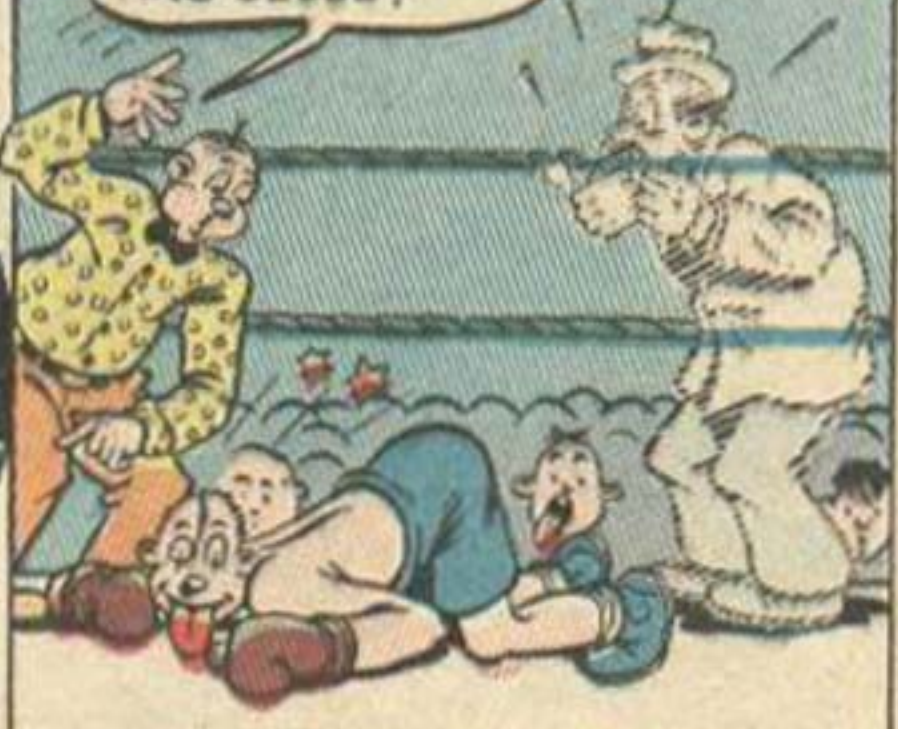
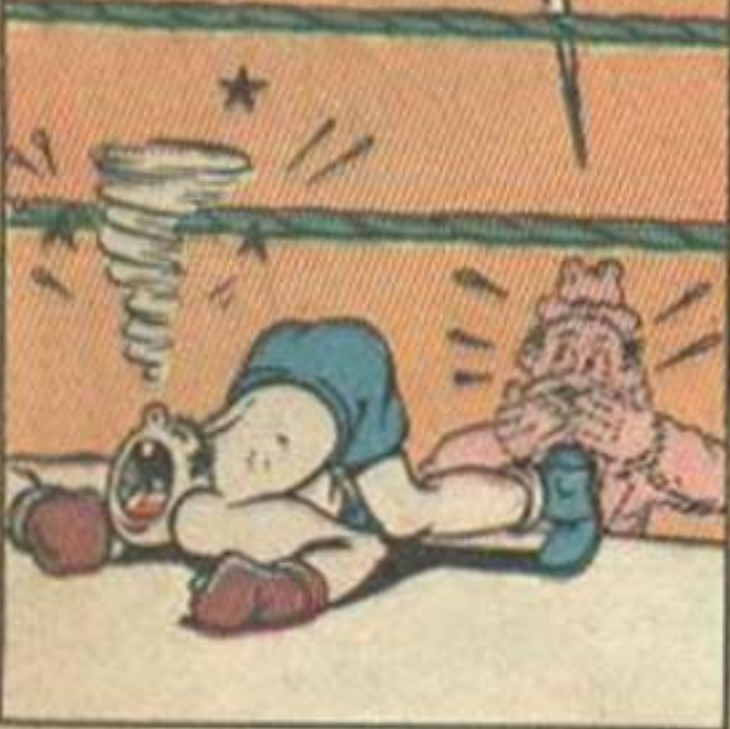
BUT AT THIS MOMENT, FATE TAKES A HAND IN GUS'S PROBLEM-----

Y! THAT'S O'TOOLE THERE, NO QUESTION ABOUT IT!

I'M NOT SO KEEN ON GETTING INTO THIS FIGHT GAME - BUT AFTER ALL, A BODY IS A BODY!

ONE - TWO - THREE - FOUR - FIVE - SIX - SEVEN - EIGHT - EIGHT AND A HALF, FIRST, WHAT DO YOU SAY, PUNCHY, IT'S GETTING CLOSE?

OH! OH! GOTTA GET GOING BEFORE HE'S COUNTED OUT!



WITHOUT A SECOND THOUGHT GUS TAKES OVER AND AT THE COUNT OF NINE-----

NINE-TE--??

BOY, THIS IS KEEN - THIS PUNCHY'S BODY ISN'T SUCH A BAD FIT AT THAT!

OH! SO THAT LAST HAYMAKER WASN'T ENOUGH, YOU BUM! OKAY, I'LL PUT THE CRUSHER ON YOU THIS TIME - AND HOW!

NOW WAIT A MINUTE! TAKE IT EASY!





EIGHT-NINE-TEN -- YOU'RE OUT!

I'M BEGINNING TO THINK THIS WASN'T SUCH A GOOD IDEA AFTER ALL!



LATER, IN THE DRESSING ROOM -- I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT -- IN ALL THE YEARS I'VE BEEN MANAGING O'TOOLE, HE NEVER FOUGHT AS BAD AS HE DID TONIGHT!

YAH, BOSS! HE SURE WAS OFF TONIGHT!



WHEW! WHAT HAPPENED? YI! JUST LET ME OUTTA HERE -- I'VE HAD ENOUGH!

LISTEN TO HIM RAVE, SAM -- HE THINKS HE'S GOING TO WALK OUT ON US --- JUST WHEN WE'VE GOT HIM SET ON THE ROAD TO THE CHAMPIONSHIP!

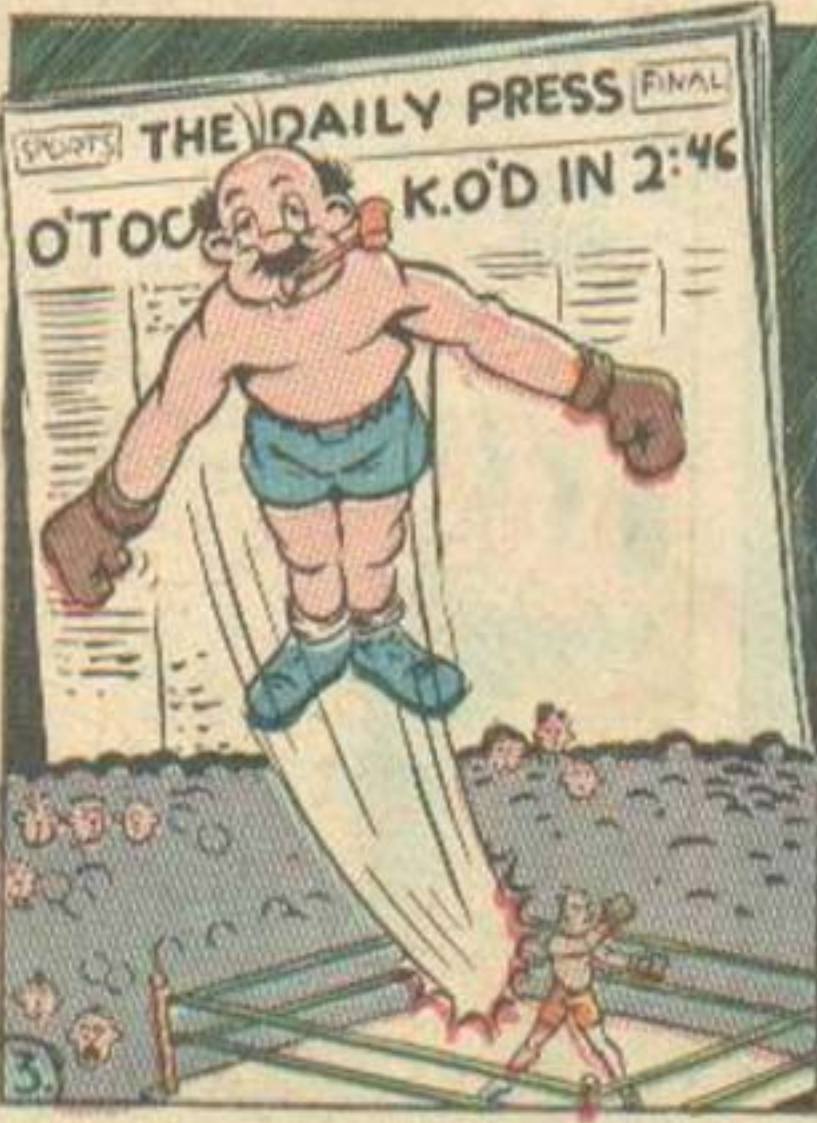


YER NOT GOING TO LET TONIGHTS FIGHT GET YA DOWN, ARE YA -- WAIT'LL YA SEE THE SWELL SET-UPS I'VE GOT LINED UP FOR YA! WHAT DO YA SAY?

WELL IF YOU'RE POSITIVE THAT I'LL BE THE CHAMP, I'LL TAKE A CHANCE!



AND NOW WE SEE GUS AS HE EMBARKS ON THE ROAD TO THE CHAMPIONSHIP! HE'S GETTING A FEW WARM-UP FIGHTS UNDER HIS BELT -- AMONG OTHER THINGS!



SPORTS THE DAILY PRESS FINAL O'TOOLE K.O.D IN 2:46



THE NEWS O'TOOLE LO AGAIN --



IT'S A WASTE OF TIME COUNTING! HE NEVER GETS UP 'TIL AFTER TEN, ANYHOW!

PUNCHY, GET UP! THAT BUM CAN'T HURT US!



I GIVE UP! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? WHY YOU COULDN'T BEAT A PINT OF CREAM - IF YOU'D ONLY HIT THE GUYS WITH SOMETHING ELSE. BESIDES YOUR CHIN-----

I--I GUESS I WASN'T CUT OUT TO BE A FIGHTER, THAT'S ALL!



G...GOSH! THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE LOOKED AT MYSELF IN THE MIRROR-- AND NOW I'M SORRY I DID!

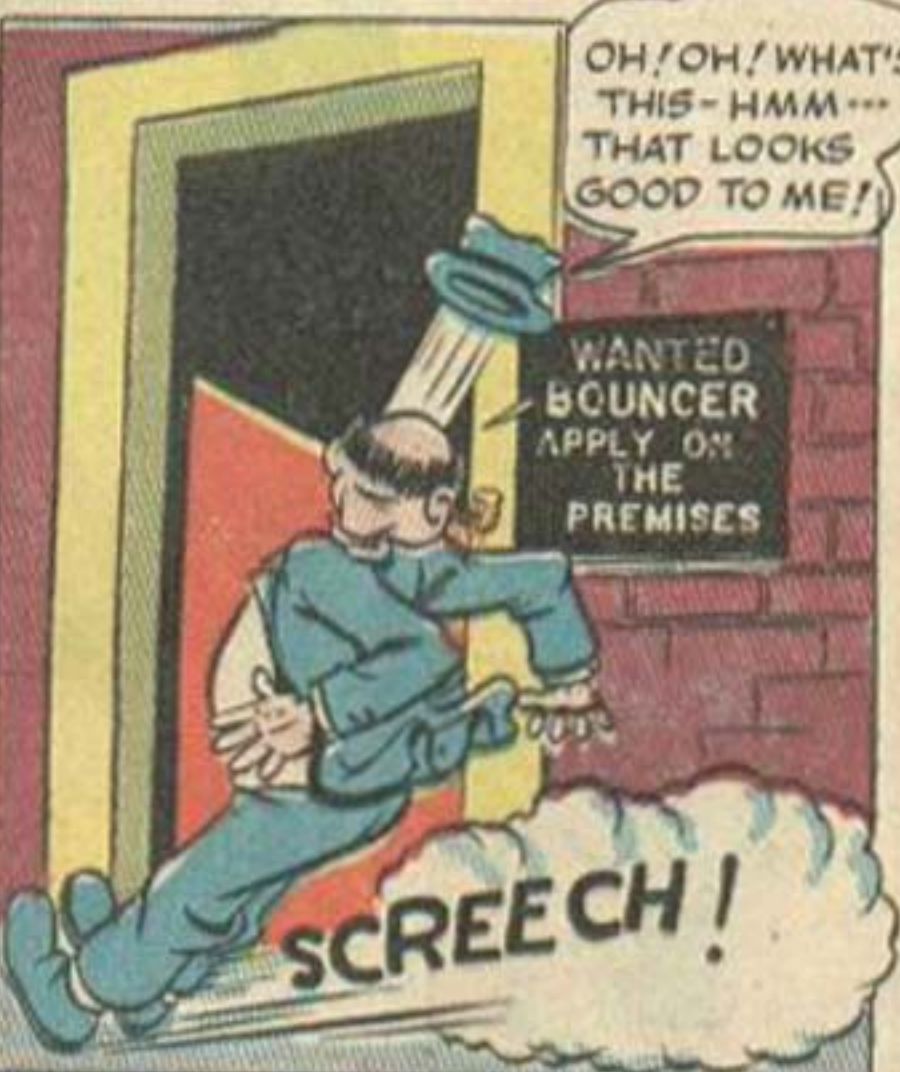


S'LONG YOU PUNCH-DRUNK TRAMP, I'M THROUGH WASTING MY TIME WITH YOU! MY PRESTIGE IS RUINED!

SO IS MY FACE!



LATER WHEW! I'M SURE GLAD THAT'S OVER! BUT WHAT AM I GOING TO DO NOW?



OH! OH! WHAT'S THIS- HMM... THAT LOOKS GOOD TO ME!



SO GUS APPLYS FOR THE JOB-----

ARE YOU SURE YOU CAN HANDLE THE JOB? SOMETIMES WE GET PRETTY TOUGH CUSTOMERS THAT HAVE TO BE BOUNCED OUT!

DON'T WORRY MY BOXING CAREER OUGHT TO COME IN HANDY FOR THIS JOB!



THAT NIGHT GUS BEGINS TO WORK-----

HMM- THIS IS SOME JOB, ALL I'VE GOTTA DO IS WALK AROUND THIS JOINT, AND KEEP MY EYES OPEN FOR ANYONE WHO GETS OUT OF HAND!



WHILE AT ONE OF THE TABLES-----

LOOK DARLING, THERE'S THE HEAVY WEIGHT CHAMP- SITTING OVER AT THAT TABLE!

HE SEEMS TO BE HAVING TROUBLE WITH THAT HECKLER, SITTING AT THE NEXT TABLE!



BEAACCCKK! YER A CHEESHE CHAMP, THA'SH WHAT (NIC)

WHY, I'LL MOIDER THAT---

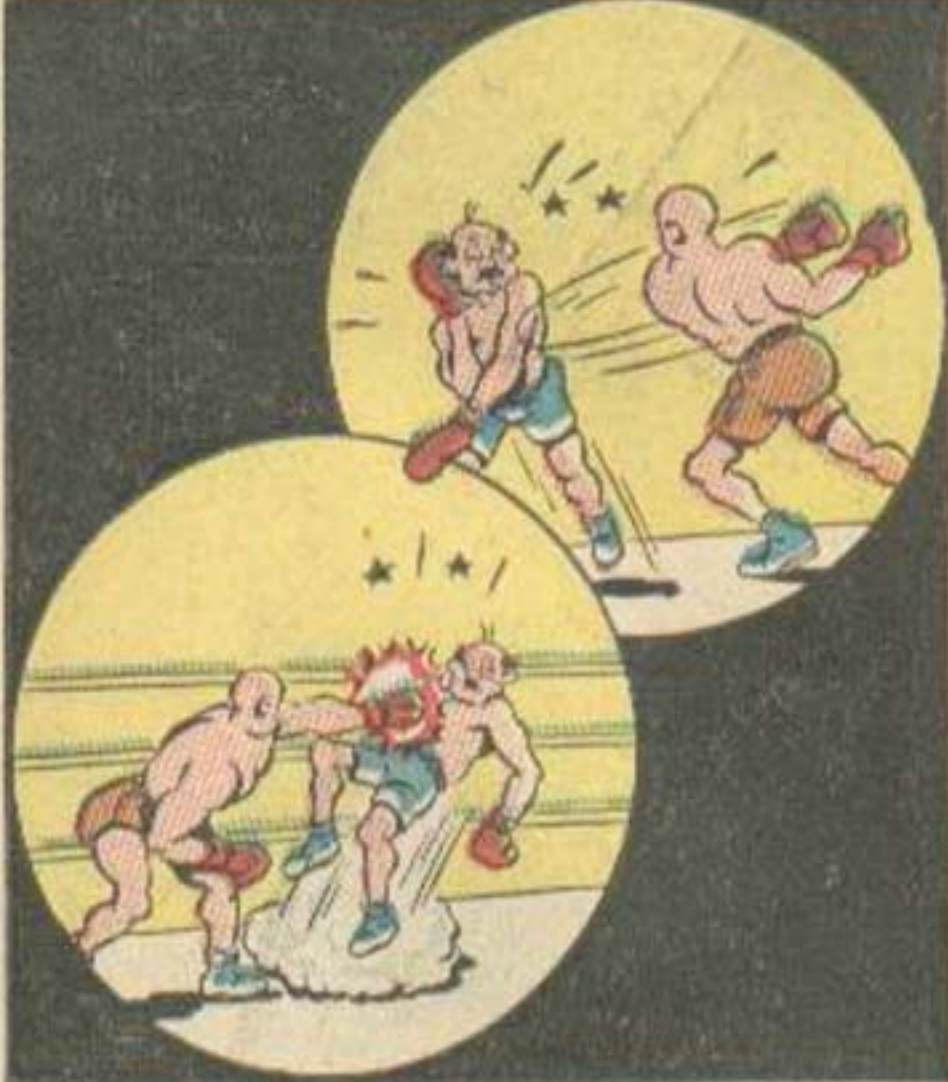
EASY, CHAMP, HE'S JUST DRUNK, THAT'S ALL! I'LL HAVE THE MANAGEMENT BOUNCE HIM OUT- TA HERE!



THE BELL RINGS AND THE FIGHT GET UNDER WAY AS BOTH FIGHTERS COME OUT OF THEIR CORNERS!



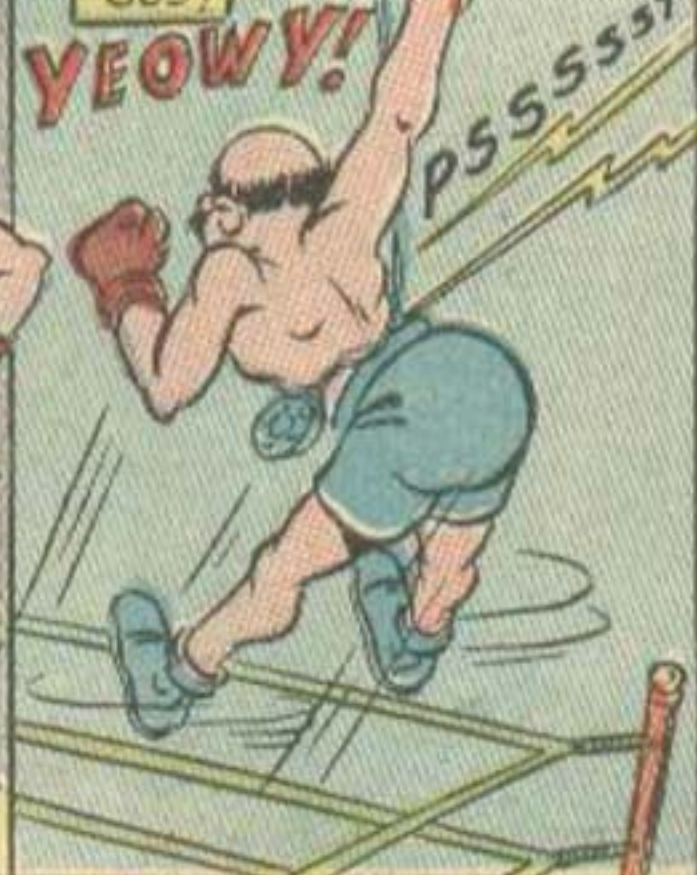
AT THIS POINT I THINK IT BEST THAT WE DON'T LOOK AT THE FIGHT-BUT SKIP AHEAD TO THE SEVENTH ROUND! HOW GUS EVER MANAGED TO LAST THIS LONG-WE'LL NEVER KNOW-HOWEVER LET'S TAKE A SQUINT. SO WE'LL KNOW WHAT HAPPENS!



C'MON LAY DOWN, WILL YA? BEFORE I BREAK MY KNUCKLES ON YOU!



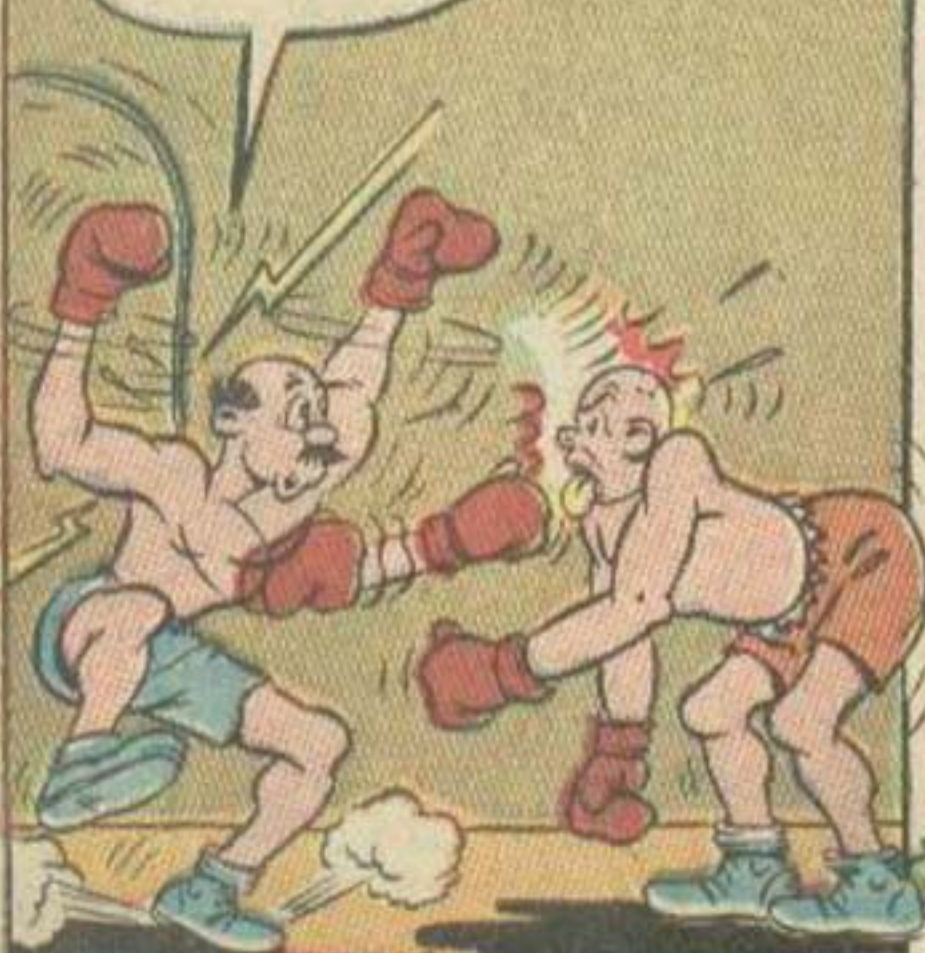
OH! OH! LOOK OUT FOR THAT MICROPHONE, GUS!



HEY, ONLY THIS COULD HAPPEN TO GUS - HE GOT TANGLED IN THE MIKE CAUSING A SHORT CIRCUIT!



YI! I'M BURNING UP! HALLPPP!



BUT AT THIS MOMENT---



SAY PETE, WHAT'S THE IDEA OF DRAGGING ME UP HERE JUST WHEN I WAS ABOUT TO KNOCK OUT THE CHAMP?

TUT, TUT! I JUST THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO LOOK OVER THE STOCK OF MERCHANDISE THAT JUST CAME IN!



DON'T FORGET TO WATCH FOR GUS IN THE NEXT TOP NOTCH LAUGH

WORLD WONDERS



SOME MUSICIANS OF THE SAMOAN ISLAND TRIBES PLAY FLUTES WITH THEIR NOSES!

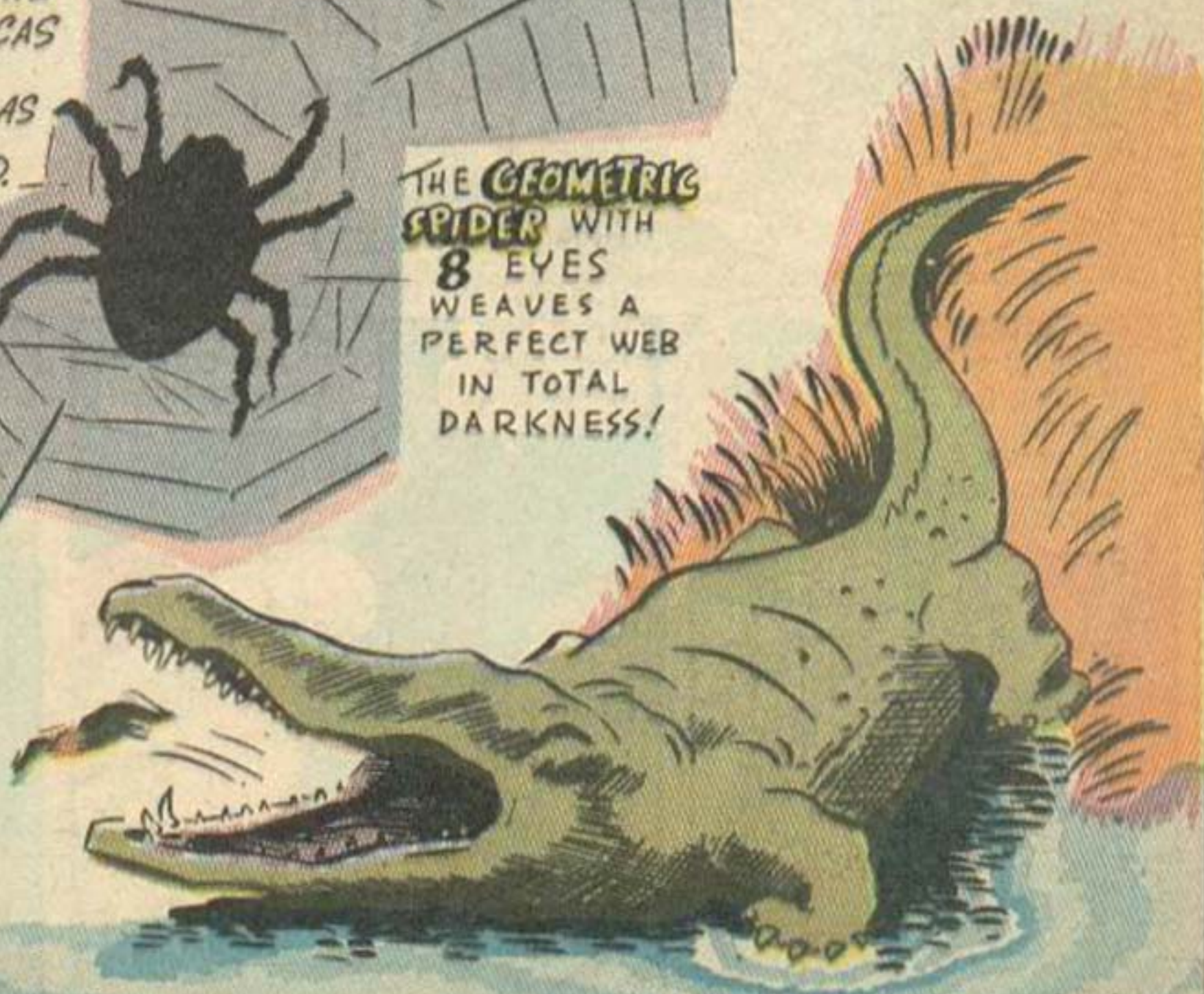


THE IRISH POTATO DIDN'T COME FROM IRELAND BUT WAS FIRST GROWN BY THE ANCIENT INCAS OF PERU AS EARLY AS 1000 A.D.



THE GEOMETRIC SPIDER WITH 8 EYES WEAVES A PERFECT WEB IN TOTAL DARKNESS!

TICKBIRDS GET THEIR FOOD BY DASHING INTO THE MOUTHS OF CROCODILES TO SNATCH LEECHES FROM THEIR GUMS,



SUZIE

BY
"RED"
HOLMDALE
AND
KEAN

HMM-A
SWITCHBOARD
OPERATOR-
THAT LOOKS
GOOD TO
ME!

SWITCHBOARD
OPERATORS
NEEDED
APPLY--- HOTEL
RITZ - FRITZ.

WHEN WE LEFT
SUZIE IN THE LAST ISSUE,
SHE WAS HEADING EAST
AFTER A BRIEF STAY IN HOLLY-
WOOD AND NOW WE FIND
HER, HAVING ARRIVED IN NEW
YORK, BROKE AND JOBLESS-----
REALIZING THAT SHE MUST EAT,
JERRY KEAN, THE WRITER OF
THIS STORY, TOLD ME TO DRAW
HER STANDING OUTSIDE OF
AN EMPLOYMENT OFFICE,
SO THAT'S WHERE WE
FIND HER RIGHT
NOW!

LATER--
I'VE COME TO
APPLY FOR THE
JOB THAT WAS
LISTED OVER AT
EMPLOYMENT
SERVICE!

WELL, IF
YOU'LL JUST
ANSWER A
FEW QUESTIONS
FIRST!

HAVE YOU
HAD ANY
EXPERIENCE?

OH SURE!
I'VE HAD LOTS
OF EXPERIENCES!

AND SO SUZIE GETS THE
JOB--

G-GOSH, W-WHAT
DO I DO NOW?
OH! OH! WHAT'S
THIS?

HOLLYWOOD
CALLING--
GEORGE DRAFT
CALLING
MAE REST!

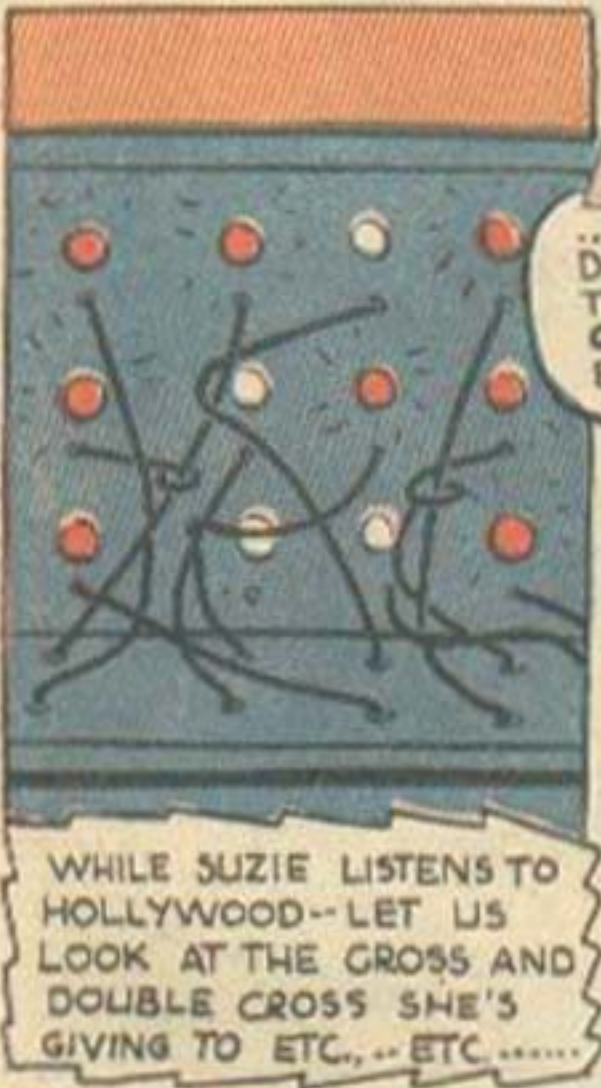
HELLO MAE -- THIS IS GEORGIE -- WHAT'VE YOU BEEN DOING WITH YOURSELF LATELY?

GOLLY! GEE WHIZ! THIS SURE IS INTERESTING!

NOTHING, BIG BOY! WHY DON'T YOU COME UP AND SEE ME SOMETIME!

PLEASE SEND A BUCKET OF ICE TO ROOM 116. ...SIGH... GEE-GEORGE DRAFT-- ISN'T HE WONDERFUL!

HELLO CHICAGO! COME IN, CHICAGO! THERE'S A MEETING OF THE DIS-TEMPERANCE LEAGUE IN 788!



FOR INSTANCE IN ROOM 233 --- MR. AND MRS. HACKENZOCKER NEWLYWEDS.....

... AND YOU'RE POSITIVE, DUCKY-WUCKY, THAT I'M THE ONLY GIRL YOU EVER LOVED!

OF COURSE YOU PRECIOUS LITTLE DIMPLE-DUMPLING (SIGH), SINCE THE FIRST DAY I SAW YOU, NO OTHER GIRL EXISTED FOR ME.

OH! OH! SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR!

HMMMPH! CAN'T WE EVER GET AWAY FROM EVERYBODY? WHY DON'T THEY LET US ALONE!



WHILE SUZIE LISTENS TO HOLLYWOOD-- LET US LOOK AT THE GROSS AND DOUBLE CROSS SHE'S GIVING TO ETC., -- ETC.....



SORRY, SIR! SWITCH-BOARD OPERATOR TOLD ME TO RETURN THESE FLOWERS TO THE GENTLEMEN IN 233. THE LADY ISN'T AT HOME TO RECEIVE THEM.

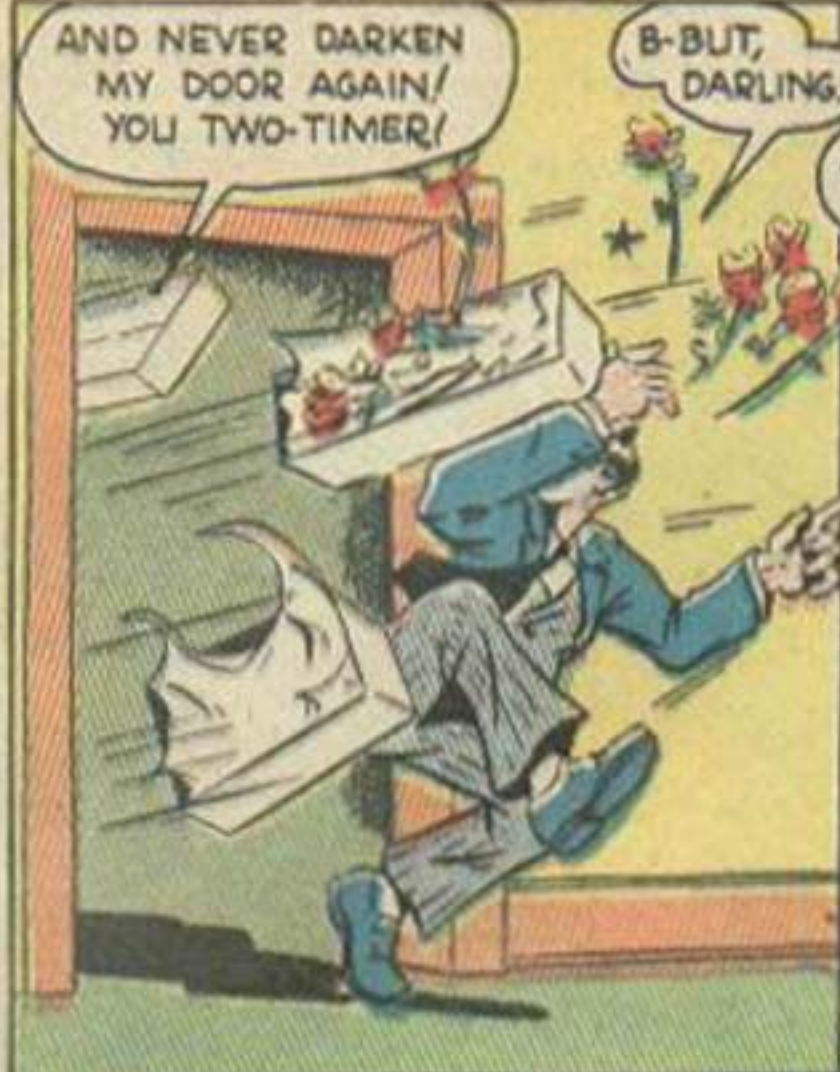


WHO? ME? SO! ... YOU HAVEN'T LOOKED AT ANOTHER GIRL, EH?



I SUPPOSE THIS CARD IS FOR YOUR GRANDMOTHER!

To my sweetie-- for all those beautiful moments we've had together you know who



AND NEVER DARKEN MY DOOR AGAIN! YOU TWO-TIMER!

B-BUT, DARLING!



WHILE DOWN AT THE SWITCHBOARD.....

SUZIE, TELL THE HOUSE DETECTIVE TO GO UP TO THE NORTH PENTHOUSE, AND THROW THE GUY OUT FOR NOT PAYING HIS BILL!

BUZZ BUZZ BEEZ



BUT AGAIN SUZIE GETS HER WIRES CROSSED ---- AND MINUTES LATER IN THE SOUTH PENTHOUSE---

AND FURTHER-MORE I THINK WE SHOULD-- BLA-- BLA--

YOU'RE RIGHT SENATOR!

KNOCK! KNOCK!



HMM, NO ANSWER! I'LL JUST WALK RIGHT IN.

KNOCK KNOCK



WHAT'RE YOU GUYS TRYING TO DO? PLAY POSSUM! WHICH ONE OF YOU GUYS LIVES HERE?

WHY I DO!



W-WHY THIS IS AN OUTRAGE! I'M SENATOR WHIFFLE AND I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF A BIG BUSINESS DEAL!

NEVER MIND THE INNOCENT STUFF-- I'VE MET GUYS LIKE YOU BEFORE AND I'M WISE TO YOUR ALIBIS!

GOLLY! AND I ALWAYS THOUGHT THE SENATOR WAS A MAN OF INTEGRITY



AND DOWN IN THE LADIES' TURKISH BATH....

GEE, I'VE NEVER BEEN INSIDE HERE BEFORE! BUT THIS IS WHERE THE SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR SAID I WAS TO GO TO FIX A LEAK!



P-PARDON ME, GIRLS! CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE THE LEAK IS?

HELP! GEEEK!

A MAN!



OF ALL THE NERVE-- THE MANAGER SHALL HEAR OF THIS!

B-BUT, GIRLS!

THE RESULT!

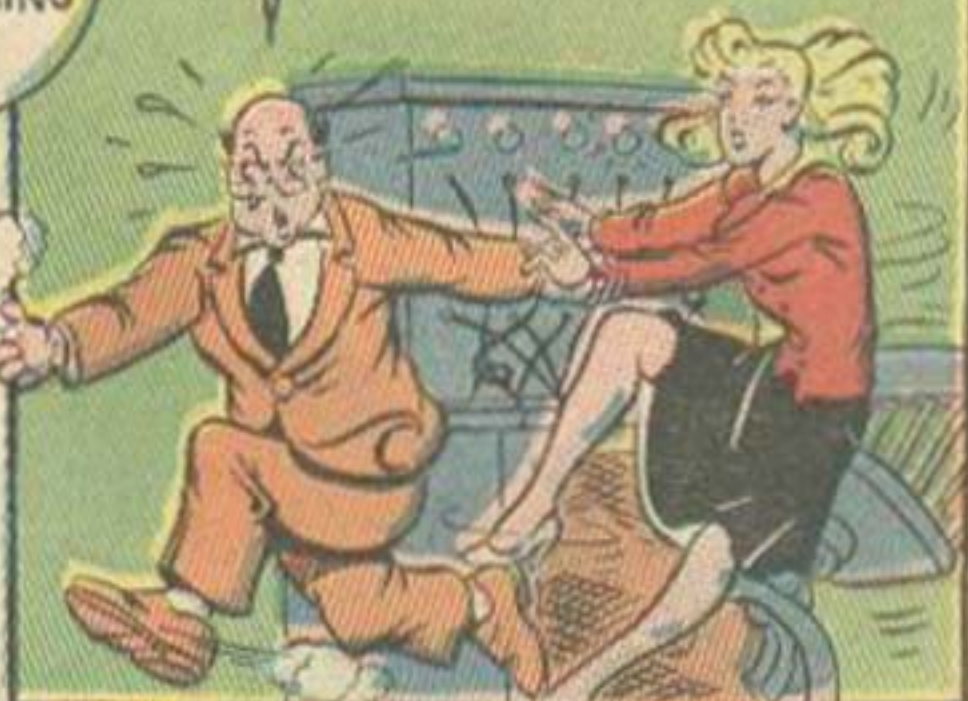
AND FURTHERMORE WE'VE NEVER BEEN SUBJECTED TO SUCH TREATMENT AS WE'VE RECEIVED AT THIS HOTEL ---- OUR FRIENDS SHALL HEAR OF THIS!

B-BUT-- I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! MUST BE A MISTAKE SOMEWHERE

HMM-- I WONDER IF SUZIE COULD HAVE HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH THIS?

COME ON, QUICK! I THINK IT WOULD BE BETTER IF I GAVE YOU ANOTHER JOB TO DO!

YOU MEAN YOU'RE GOING TO PROMOTE ME ALREADY!



YOU'RE GOING TO OPERATE THE ELEVATOR --- ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS PRESS THE BUTTONS! DO YOU THINK YOU CAN MANAGE THAT?

IT SEEMS EASY ENOUGH!

Later--

COME, RONALD, AND BE CAREFUL WITH LITTLE CUDDLES!

YES, ROSITA!

GOING UP!



IMAGINE MY FOLKS THINKING ANYONE AS SWEET AND INNOCENT AS YOU WANTING TO MARRY ME FOR MY MONEY, ROSITA DEAR.

HOW LITTERLY ABSURD!..OH, ISN'T THAT JUST TOO CLEVER? CUDDLES WANTS TO KISS YOU!



NOW, NOW DARLING, YOU MUSTN'T BE HARSH WITH POOR CUDDLES!

WANTS TO, HUH! THAT POOCH DID! DID YOU HAVE TO TAKE CUDDLES ALONG WHEN WE'RE ELOPING, SWEETS?

GOLLY, SHE SURE LOOKS FAMILIAR --- WHERE HAVE I SEEN HER BEFORE? HMMM.... NOW I KNOW!

HELLO... ROSE GLOCKENSPIEL! RE-MEMBER ME? WHEN DID YOU QUIT WORKING AT THE LUNCH WAGON?

HUH? WHY T-THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE I-I-I NEVER SAW YOU IN MY LIFE!



ROSE GLOCKEN-
SPIEL! LUNCH
WAGON! ARE
YOU SURE YOU'RE
NOT MARRYPING
ME FOR MY
MONEY



ARE YOU
GOING TO BE-
LIEVE A CHEAP
LITTLE ELEVATOR
OPERATOR, OR
ME? I'M SURE
I DON'T KNOW
WHAT SHE IS
TALKING ABOUT!



AND THEN---

OW!

WHY YOU #!!#o
DOG! I'LL FIX
YOUR WAGON --
THERE! TAKE
THAT-- OOPS!



OW!



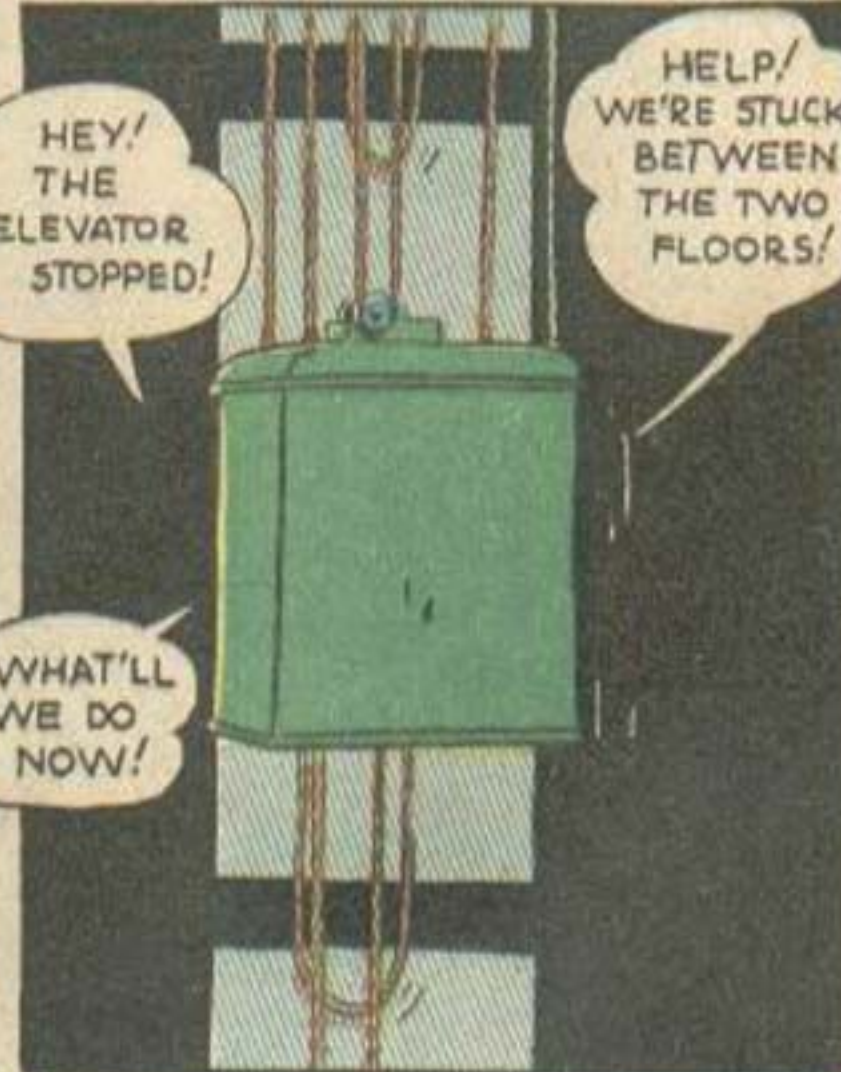
KICK ME, WILL YOU,
SUZIE? TAKE THAT!

OW!

YOU CALLED
HER BY HER
NAME, ROSITA!
YOU DO KNOW
HER, THEN!



PH/OH! SUZIE, LOOK
OUT FOR THOSE ELE-
VATOR BUTTONS!



HEY!
THE
ELEVATOR
STOPPED!

HELP!
WE'RE STUCK
BETWEEN
THE TWO
FLOORS!

WHAT'LL
WE DO
NOW!



IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT,
SUZIE. YOU WERE
ALWAYS GETTING INTO
TROUBLE AT THE LUNCH
WAGON. OOOooo! I
COULD SCRATCH
YOUR EYES OUT!



YOU DID WORK
AT THE LUNCH-
WAGON, THEN,
ROSITA VAN ROLL-
DOUGH, THE
HEIRESS-BALONEY.
YOU'RE NOTHING BUT
A GOLD DIGGER AFTER
ALL!

OH, ALL RIGHT,
YOU SAP. SO I
WAS AFTER
YOUR DOUGH.
WHAT DIFFERENCE
DOES IT MAKE AT
A TIME LIKE THIS-
WHEN WE'LL ALL
BE KILLED.



STOP GETTING
HYSTERICAL!
I'LL CLIMB
UP TO THE
NEXT FLOOR
AND TRY TO
OPEN THE
DOOR.



OKAY, NOW YOU CAN STOP WHINING, ROSIE GLOCKENSPIEL! YOU'RE SAFE NOW!

HMMPH YOU NEEDN'T BE SO SARCASTIC, YOU SUCKER I WOULD HAVE HOOKED YOU IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THAT DUMB SUZIE!



MEANWHILE DOWN IN THE CAR SUZIE IS TRYING TO RIGHT HER WRONGS.

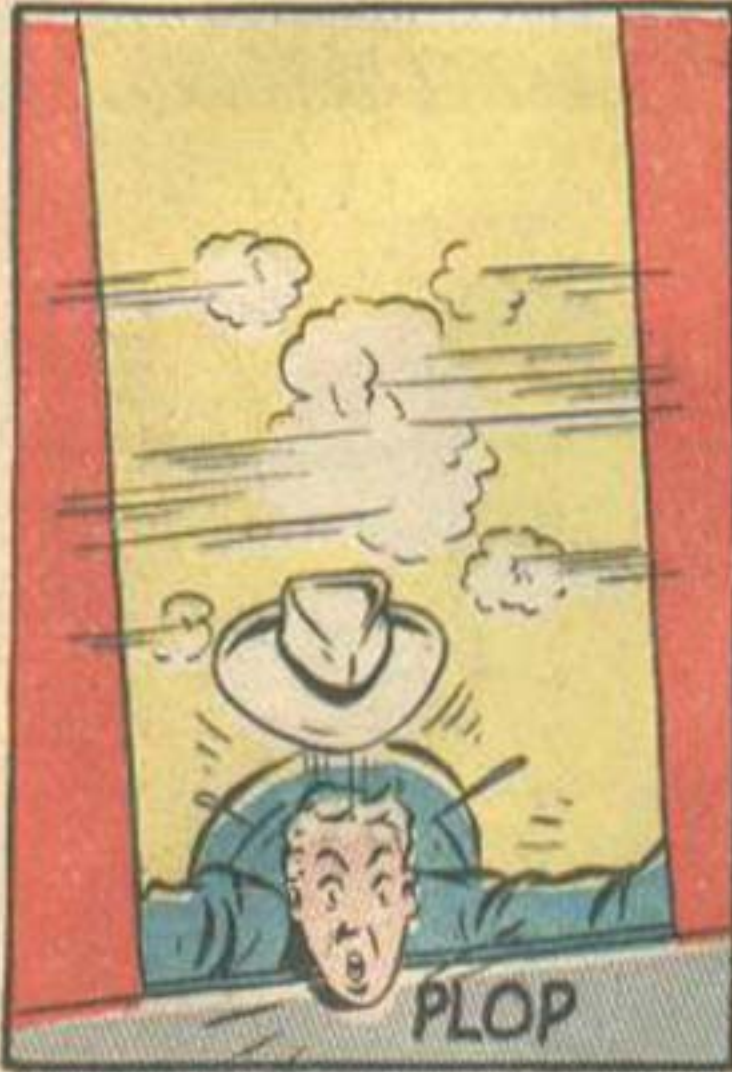
LET'S SEE - IF I CAN ONLY FIND THE RIGHT BUTTON NOW!



... AND ANYWAY I GOT A DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING AND A FUR COAT OUT-TA YOU, SO THERE! C'MON, CUDDLES.

SLAM

YI-- HELP!



PLOP



HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU, SUZIE, NOW THAT ROSITA HAS LEFT ME. YOU SAVED ME FROM MAKING A MESS OF EVERYTHING.

BUT WHAT DID I DO?



LATER

GET OUT- DO YOU HEAR ME! YOU'RE FIRED!

B-BUT CAN'T I EXPLAIN?



GOSH! I GUESS I WASN'T MEANT TO WORK-- WHAT'LL I DO NOW FOR A JOB?



COME OVER HERE, SUZIE! YOU'RE HIRED TO BE MY PRIVATE SECRETARY. THE FIRST THING YOU DO IS HAVE LUNCH WITH ME!

HUH! D-DO YOU MEAN IT?



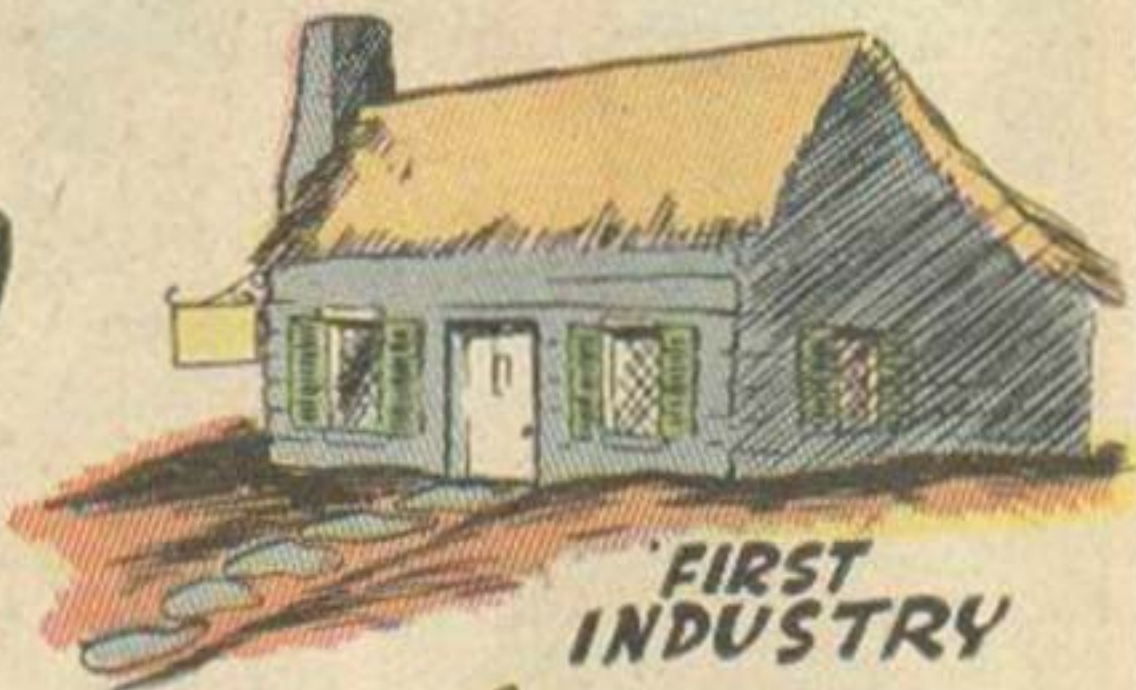
HMM-- WHAT'S SUZIE GETTING INTO NOW-- WELL YOU CAN BET DOLLARS TO DOUGHNUTS, THAT THERE WILL BE PLENTY OF EXCITEMENT WHEN SHE BECOMES PRIVATE SECRETARY TO RONALD IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS!!

THE END

WORLD WONDERS

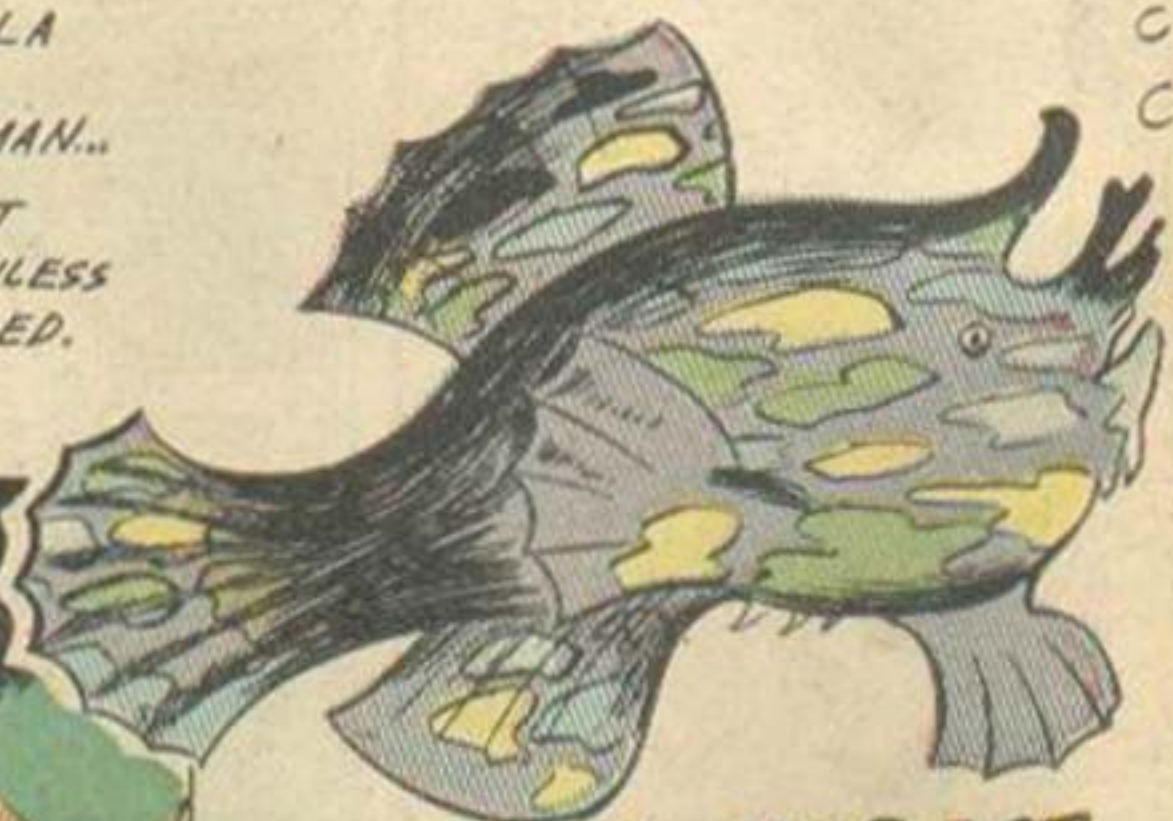


*MOST TARANTULA
SPIDERS ARE
HARMLESS TO MAN...
SOME WILL NOT
EVEN BITE UNLESS
THEY ARE TEASED.*



FIRST INDUSTRY

FROM ITS HUMBLE
BEGINNING IN
JAMESTOWN IN
1608 CAME AMERICA'S
FIRST INDUSTRY,
GLASSMAKING.



CAMOUFLAGE

THE PTEROPHRUNE,
A FISH FOUND IN THE
SARGASSO SEA CAN
CHANGE ITS COLOR
UNTIL, IN ITS NATURAL
HABITAT, IT IS HARDLY
VISIBLE!



PETER THE GREAT WAS CREATOR
OF THE FIRST RUSSIAN NAVY. IN
1695 HE RECRUITED ALL AVAILABLE
WORKERS AND BUILT A GREAT FLEET
TO GO AGAINST THE TURKS. PETER,
HIMSELF, WAS THE HARDEST OF ALL
WORKMEN!

PERCY



PERCY!



BUT, JASPER — PERCY IS SO FRAGILE I'M AFRAID YOUR HUNTING AND FISHING TRIP WILL PROVE TOO STRENUOUS FOR THE DEAR BOY!



YOU NEEDN'T GIVE IT ANOTHER THOUGHT, MY DEAR! WHY I'M AS MUCH AT HOME IN THE WOODS AS ON MY OWN BACK PORCH! DON'T WORRY, I'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF PERCY! JUST LEAVE IT TO ME!



next morning



NOW REMEMBER, JASPER, YOU TAKE GOOD CARE OF PERCY!

HE'LL BE AS SAFE WITH ME AS IN HIS OWN BED, MAGGIE---ER-- MARGUERITTE!



MY, BUT IT FEELS GOOD TO HAVE A FISHING ROD IN MY HANDS AGAIN. BY THE WAY PERCY, DID I EVER TELL YOU THAT I USED TO BE THE CHAMPION CASTER OF MY CLUB?

WHY NO, PATER.



HELLO THERE, MR. PLUMMER. OFF ON A FISHING TRIP?

HELLO, TOM. I WAS JUST TELLING PERCY WHAT A CRACKERJACK I USED TO BE WITH A CASTING LINE!



ER-- WERE YOU? PLEASE BE CAREFUL WITH THAT ROD, MR. PLUMMER!

DON'T WORRY! I CAN MAKE THIS LINE BEHAVE LIKE A TRAINED SEAL!



WHY WITH A FLIP OF THE WRIST, LIKE THIS I USED TO ---- OOPS-- IT .. ER.. SLIPPED!

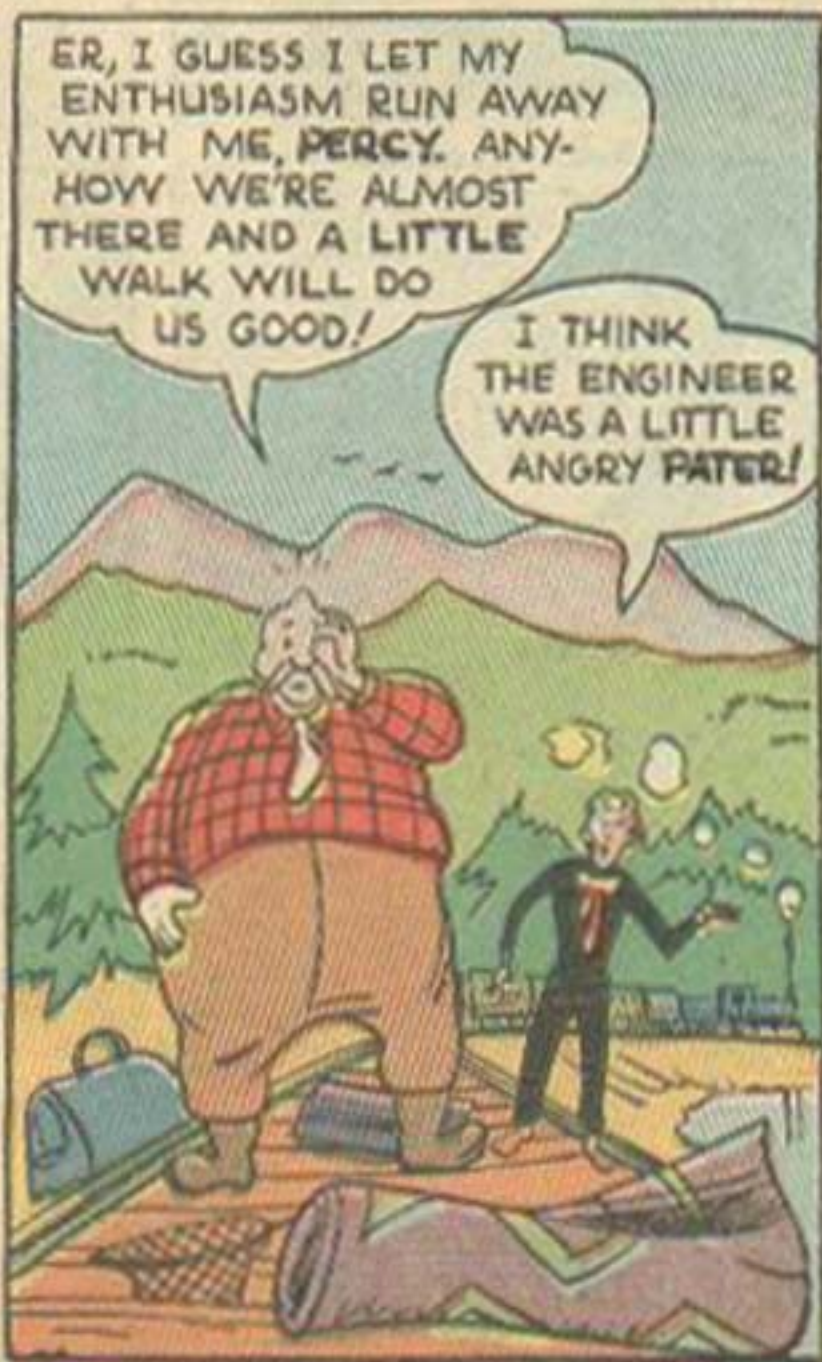
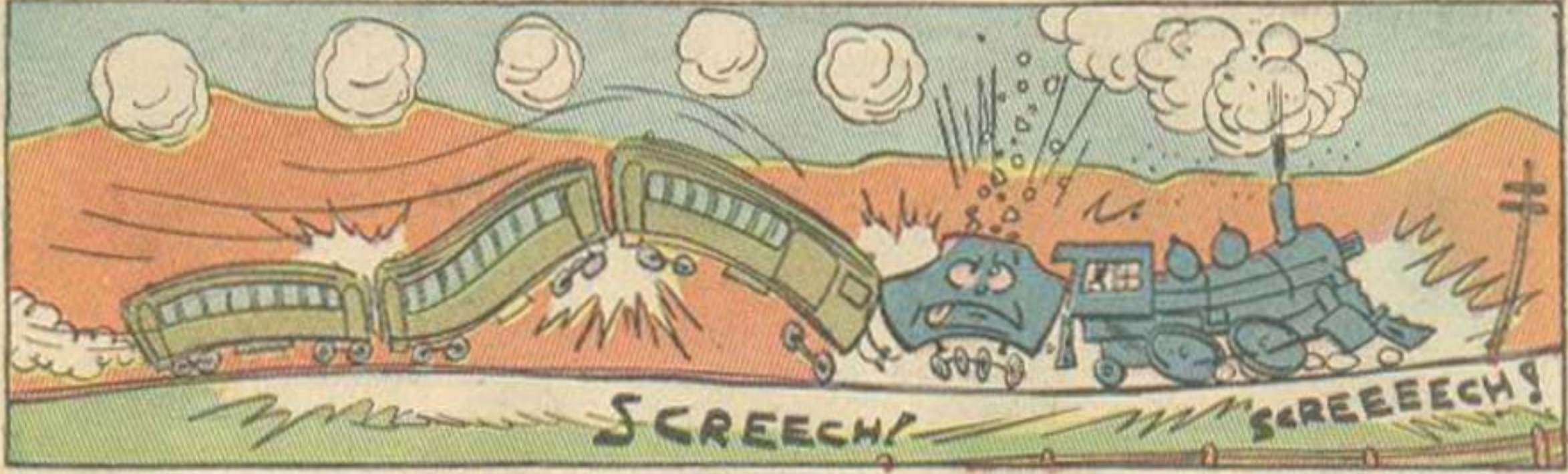


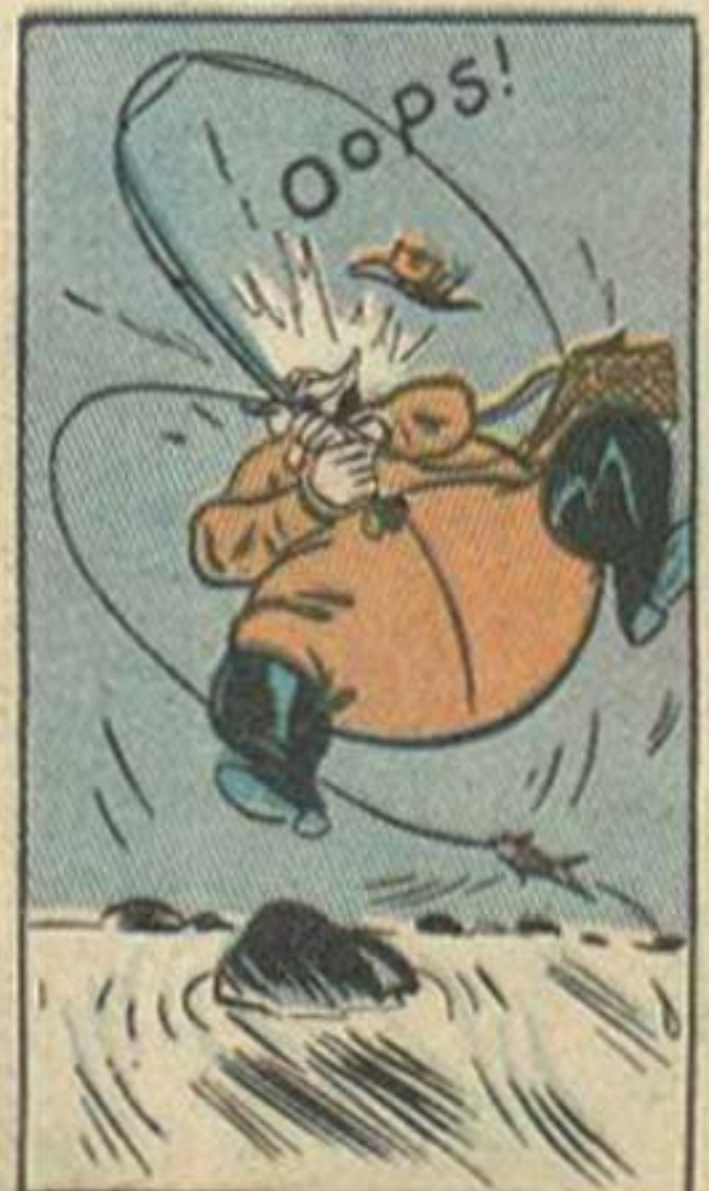
IT'S CAUGHT ON THAT ROPE. NOW WATCH CLOSELY, PERCY, AND I'LL SHOW YOU HOW EASY IT IS TO FREE IT!



YOU JUST GIVE A SHARP TUG---

WAIT! DON'T PULL! THAT'S THE EMERGENCY ROPE!





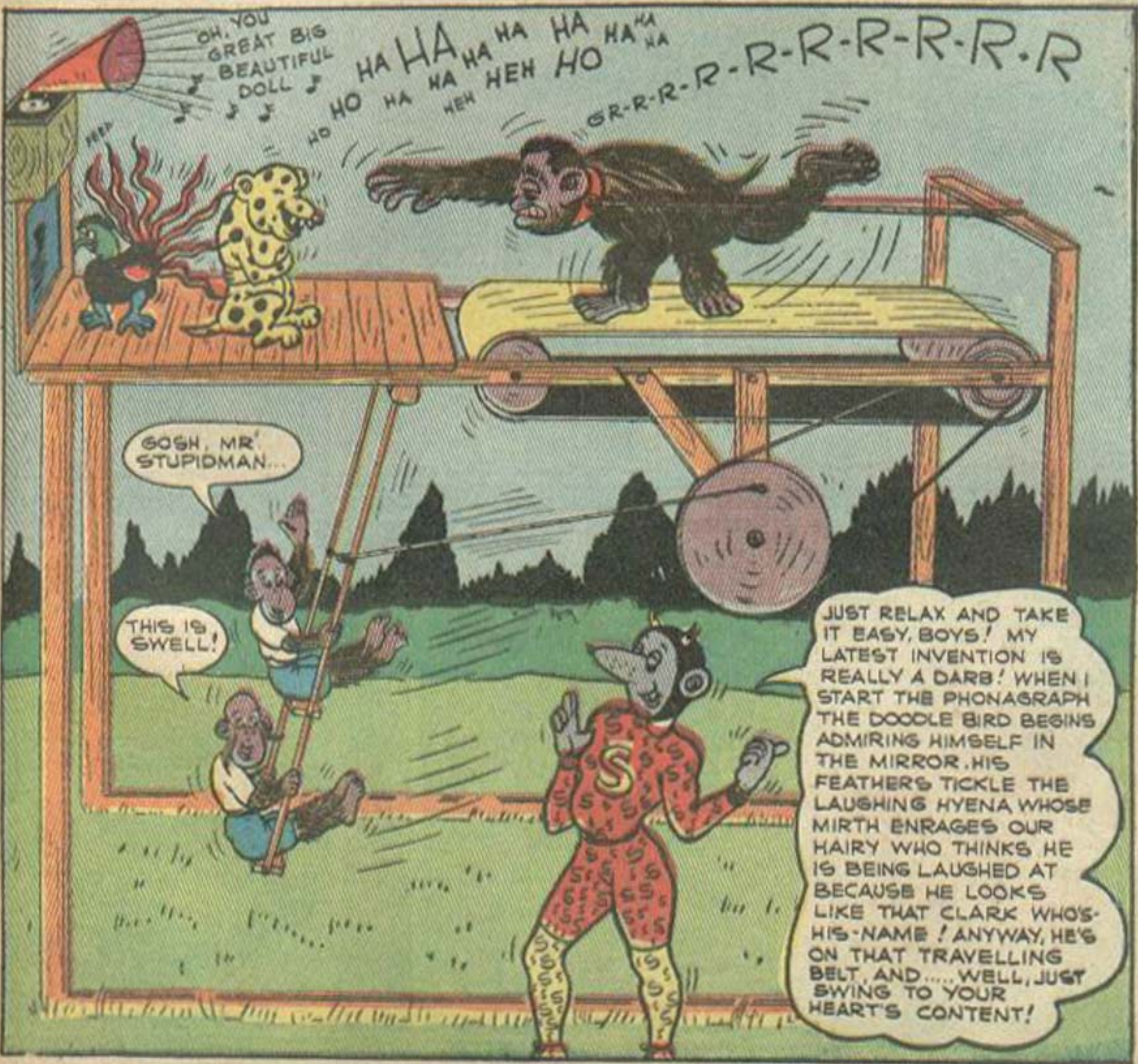




THE 3 MONKEY-TEERS HAVE FOUND OUT THAT THE GREAT STUPIDMAN IS ACTUALLY A CLERK AT SCHULTZ'S DELICATESSEN! HE WARNS THEM THAT THEY MUST NOT REVEAL HIS TRUE IDENTITY SO THAT HE MAY CARRY ON HIS FIGHT AGAINST EVIL AND HELP THOSE WHO ARE IN TROUBLE!
 WE FIND THEM INDULGING IN A LITTLE FUN...



The 3 Monkey-teers





HO HO HA
HA HA HA
HEE HEE
NEH NEH

I BORROWED HIM FROM A RADIO COMEDIAN! ALWAYS SITS IN THE FRONT ROW AND LAUGHS HIMSELF SILLY!



SUDDENLY...

CRASH

GOSH, WHAT WAS THAT?



I'LL INVESTIGATE! SOME ONE MAY NEED MY ASSISTANCE!



WHY IT'S..

SMALL FRY!

GOOD GRACIOUS, WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO?!

WELL, YEHUDI! AND SASS HAD A SWING SO I WANTED TO HAVE ONE, TOO! I CUT THE LIMB OFF SO I COULD TIE THIS ROPE ON IT!

TSK, TSK! NEVER MIND! YOU COME ALONG WITH US WHERE YOU'LL BE SAFE FROM HARM!



SUDDENLY...

ULK!



BOP

BANG

POW

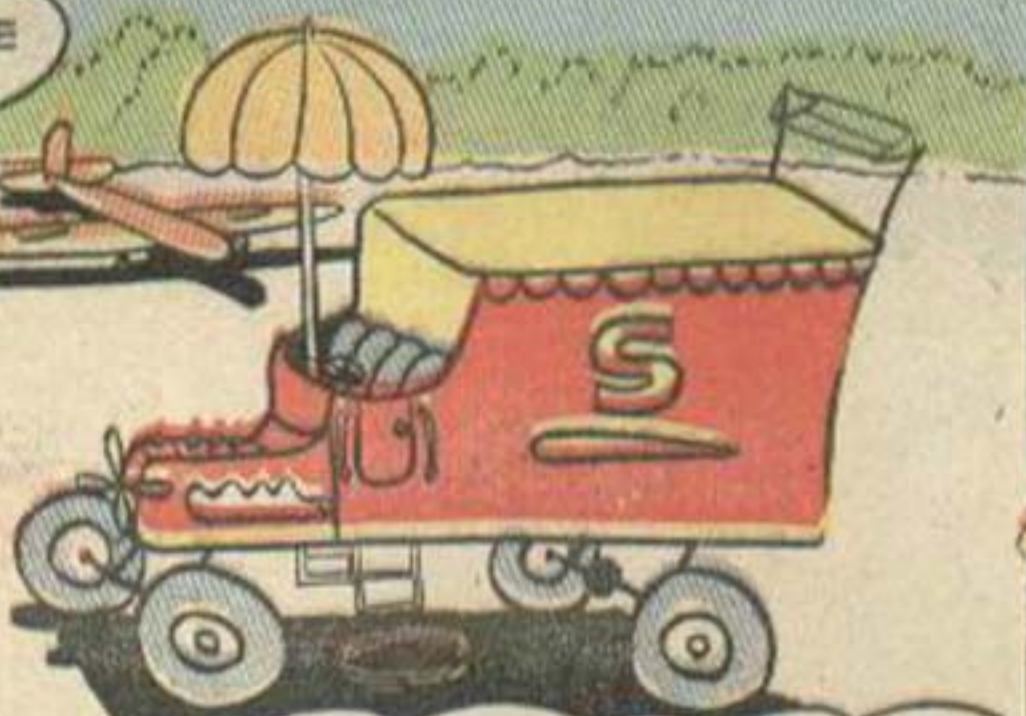


WHOSE IDEA WAS THIS, ANYHOW, YOURS OR MINE?



HE'S GONE! COME ON DOWN, BOYS!... SERVES ME RIGHT FOR BEING UNKIND! I'LL NEVER DO IT AGAIN... S'HELP ME C'MON, LET'S GO!

I HAVE A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR YOU! RIGHT BEHIND THOSE TREES IS MY...



...SLEEPING BEAUTY WONDER CAR! SHE'S ALL SET FOR MY LATEST EXPERIMENT AGAINST BOMBING RAIDS! THIS IS THE BIG MOMENT AND THEN I TURN MY PLANS OVER TO THE GOVERNMENT!

FIRST WE SET THE GLIDER'S CONTROLS AND PUSH IT OFF LIKE THIS!



NOW WE MUST HURRY! SPIN THE PROP, YEHUDI, AND JUMP IN, BOYS, WHILE I PULL OUT THE WINGS!



THIS OLD SKI-JUMP IS JUST THE THING FOR A FLYING START, HEH, HEH!



NOW KEEP AN EYE ON THE GLIDER! I HAVE A TIMING DEVICE SET TO RELEASE...

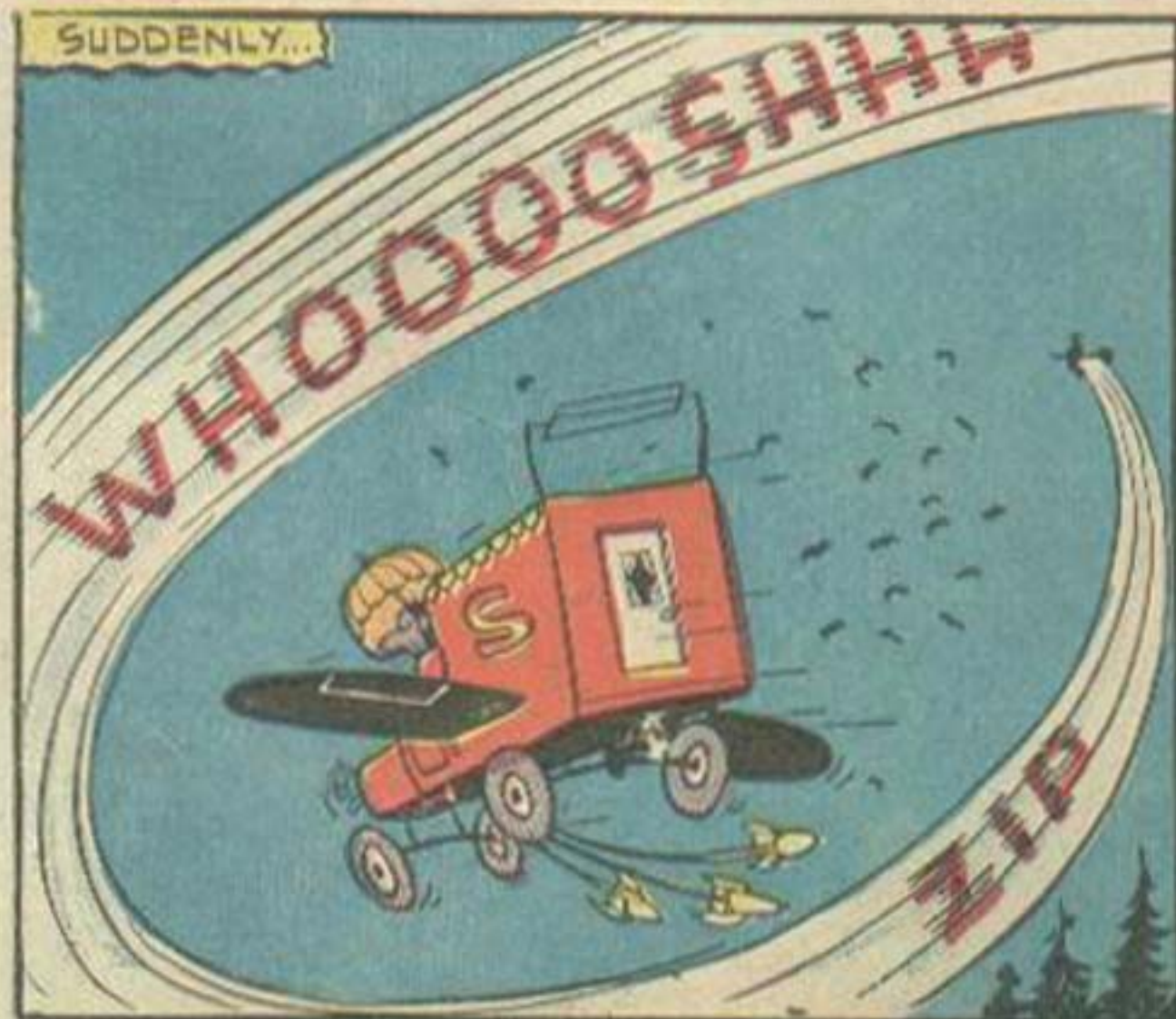


REAL LIVE BOMBS!

HANG ONTO YOUR HATS, MEN! HERE WE GO! YAHOOO!



AND WE ROPE 'EM JUST LIKE THIS!





IF YOU'RE IN THE HABIT OF GOING AROUND DROPPING BLOCK BUSTERS ON PEOPLE'S HOUSES, I DON'T LIKE IT, SEE?



SO TAKE THAT, YOU BEAST!

WHACK



AND THAT!

AND THIS!

I'LL TEACH YOU NAZIS! ... THIS IS A WOMAN'S WAR!



AND HERE'S ONE WHERE IT'LL DO THE MOST GOOD!



G-GOSH! WE'RE OUT OF CONTROL! WE'LL CRASH!

HANG ON T-TIGHT!



WO-OHHH!

WE BROKE LOOSE!

HELP!



LOOK AT MR. STUPIDMAN HOW HE'S DRIVING THE SLEEPING BEAUTY!

HELP ME UP, SASSAFRAS!



HE'D BETTER BE CAREFUL!

GEE, I THINK HE'S GOING TO



BOY, WHAT A CRACK-UP!

WOW! I HOPE WE LAND IN THE ROAD!



OUCH! WE DIDN'T!



GOSH, I HOPE, MR. STUPIDMAN WAS AS LUCKY AS US!

COME ON! LET'S FIND HIM!



JUST THEN... HE'S ONE O' THEM SABO-TOORS, 'DROPPIN' BOOMS! GIT UP AND FIGHT, YE BLACKGUARD!

THE LIKES OF 'IM SHOULD BE DRIVEN FROM THE COUNTRY!



OHhhh! IF ONLY I COULD TELL THEM I'M WORKING AGAINST TYRANNY AND OPPRESSION! AND THE THREE BOYS... THEY'RE GONE... GONE...
GOSH GOSH



OH, THANK HEAVENS, THERE YOU ARE, LITTLE FELLOWS! I'M GLAD YOU'RE SAFE! REMEMBER ME WHEN I'M GONE!

GOSH, MR. STUPIDMAN...

...TELL THEM WHO YOU ARE!



THAT WOULD NEVER DO! I MUST REMAIN SILENT AND ONLY FATE, ITSELF, KNOWS WHAT IS IN STORE FOR ME... FAREWELL!

NO, IT AINT... ER... ISN'T POSSIBLE. THEY CANT DO THIS TO US? THEY CANT PUT STUPID-MAN IN PRISON. NOW ANYBODY CAN BLOW UP THE PANAMA CANAL! JUST ANYBODY? AND THINK OF WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE U.S. WHY HE'S LIABLE TO BE KIDNAPPED 3 TIMES A WEEK - MAYBE 4. AND THEN, WHAT ABOUT SCHULTZ'S DELI CATESSEN? WHO'S GONNA SWEEP UP THE JOINT? NO SIR! THIS CATASTROPHE SHALL NOT HAPPEN. NOT IF THE 3 MONKEY-TEERS HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY ABOUT IT AND THEY HAVE PLENTY TO SAY ABOUT IT IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS!

HOWDY,
FOLKS !!
HERE WE ARE
AGAIN!

DOTTY

and

DITTO

DITTO! AH
SHORE HOPE
YO' LIKE US,
PODNUH!

by
BILL
WOGGON

WHEN YOU LAST SAW DOTTY AND DITTO THEY WERE
CAUGHT IN DESPERATE DAN'S TRAP, IN A CAVE, ALONG
WITH WILMER THE 4-F, WOULD-BE, SINGING COWBOY
-- LET'S SEE NOW WHAT HAPPENS ----



SO! YUH FELL
RIGHT INTO MAH
TRAP! HO! HO!
HO!

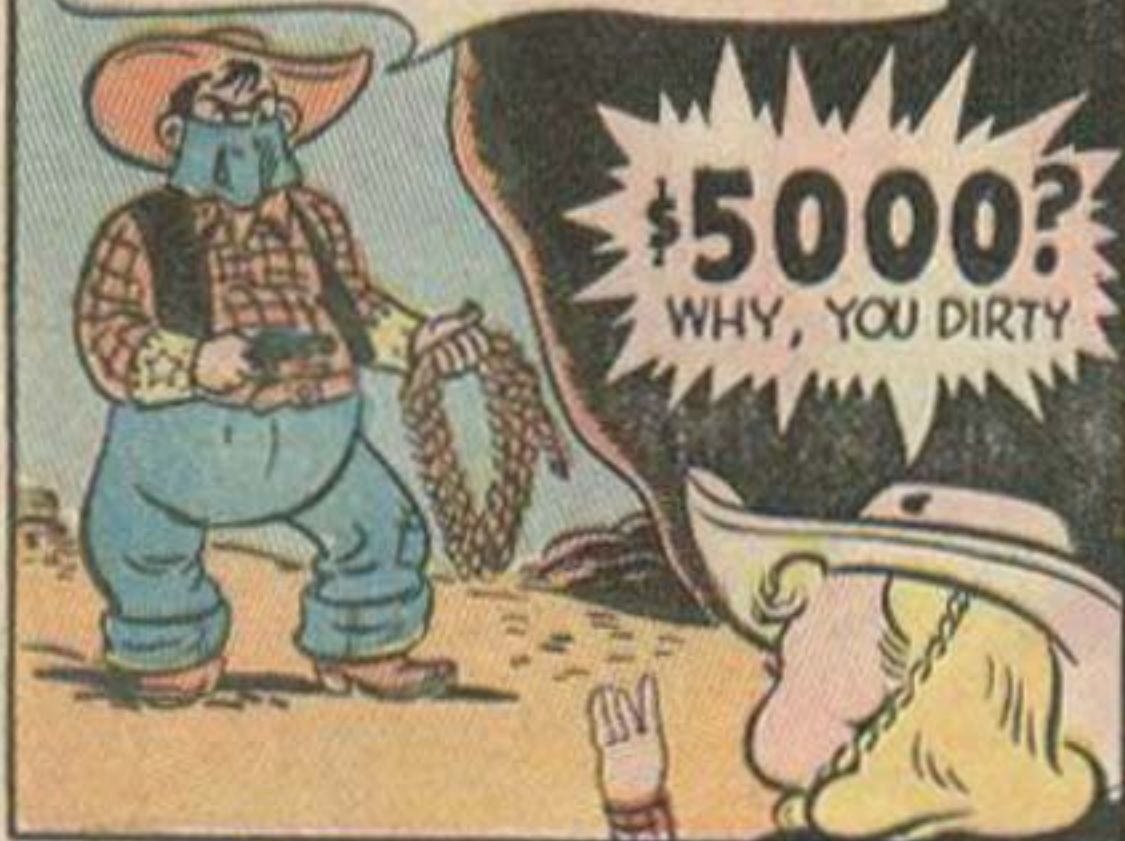


YUH BEAT ME TO TH'
DRAW, DESPERATE DAN!
WHATCHA GONNA
DO WITH US ---?

D-DITTO!

WAL, LET ME
SEE---

FIRST, YOUR FRIEND CAN TIE YOU UP WEETH THEES ROPE--THEN, SEEIN' AS HOW AH COULD USE SOME FOLD IN' MONEY, AH'M GONNA HOLD YOU FOR RANSOM--SAY, \$5000!



AND AS FOR YOU, MY LEETLE DRUG-STORE COWBOY--YOU CAN CARRY MY OFFER BACK TO HER GRAN'PAPPY!



WEETHOUT THEM NICE FANCY CLOTHES ON, OF COURSE--SO, TAKE 'EM OFF !!

YES, SIR!!



NOW GIT! MEBBE YOU WEEL GET THERE IN TIME FOR ZE BREAKFAST--HO! HO! HO!

WAL, SO LONG, DAN, AH'M GETTIN' HUNGRY, TOO!



HEY, WAIT! YOU STAY HERE--AH'M GETTIN' HUNGRY, TOO!

(GULP!)
D-DON'T LOOK AT ME WHEN YOU SAY THAT!

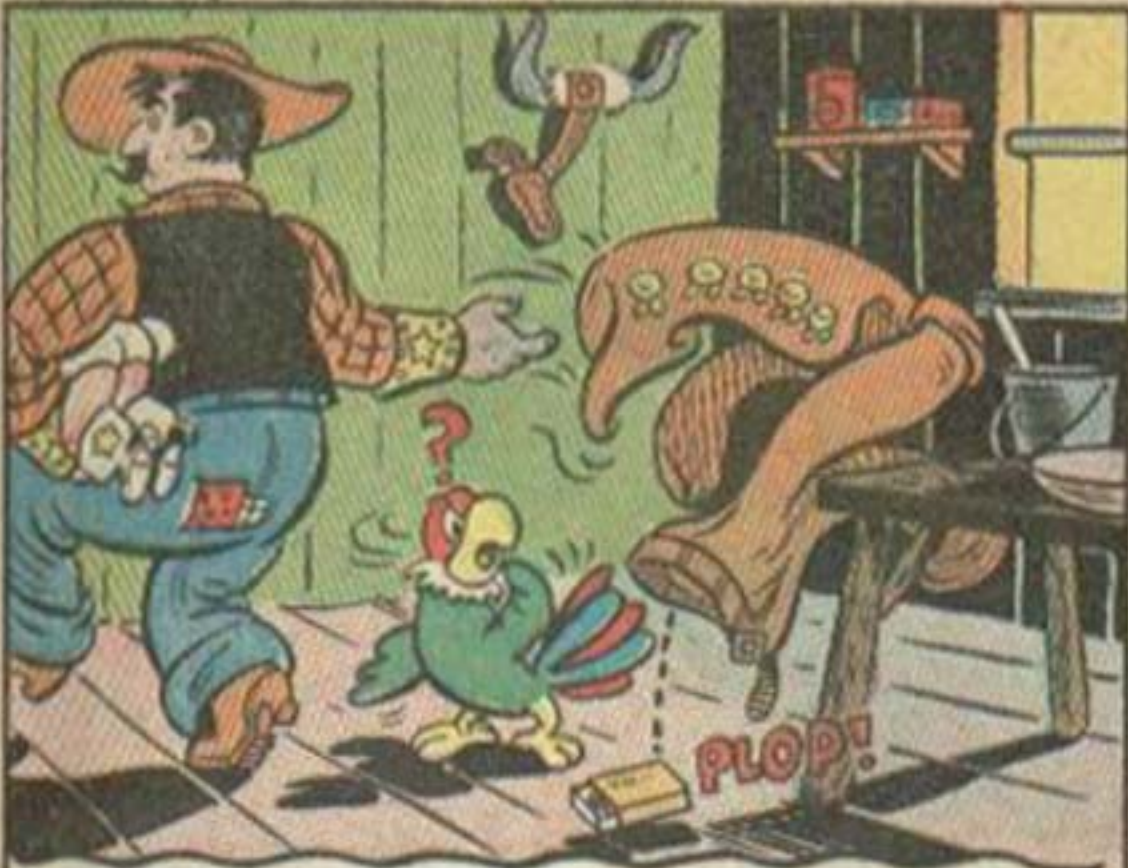


NOW WE WEEL MARCH UP THEES SECRET PASSAGE TO MY CABIN !!

WVOE IS ME!

DITTO!

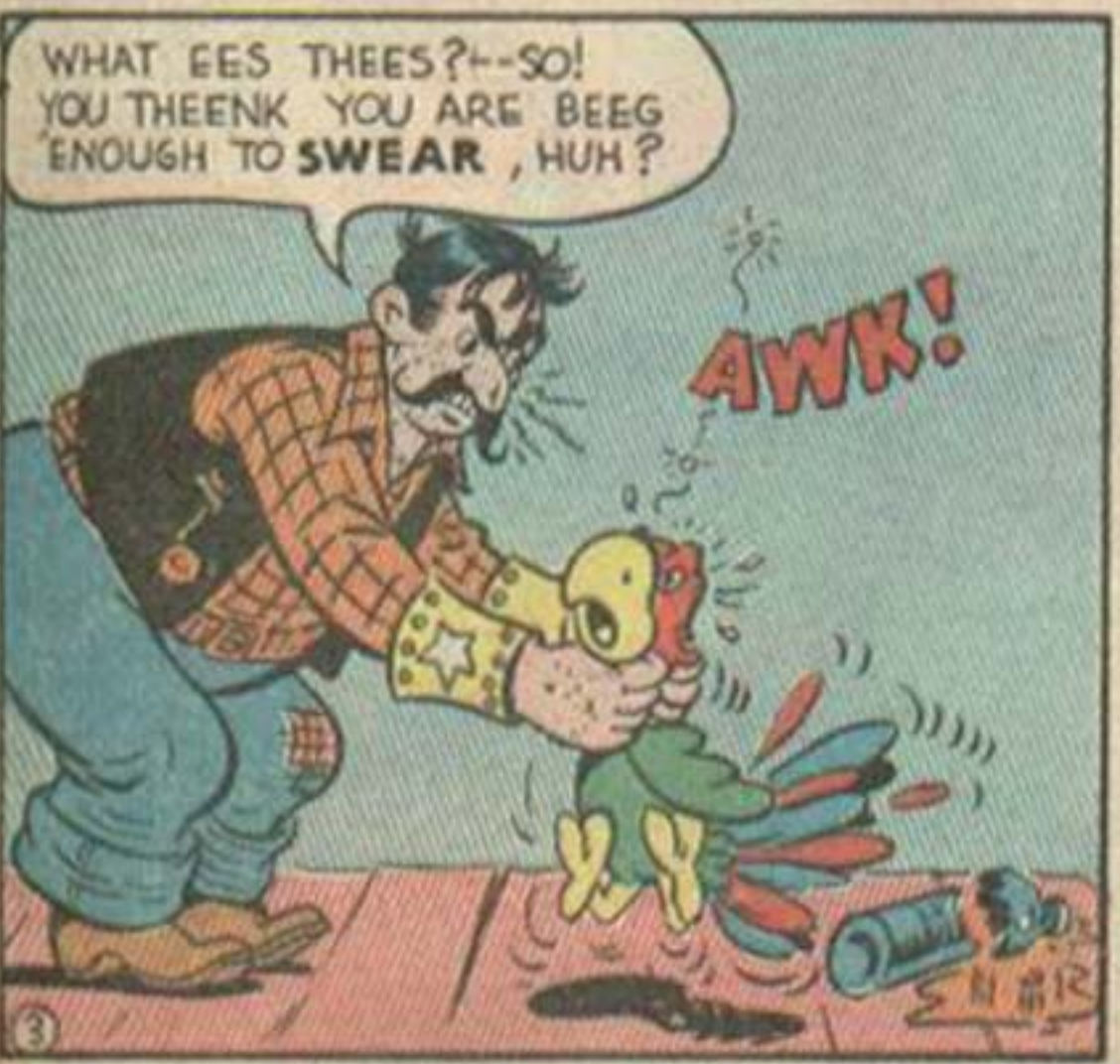




UPON REACHING HIS CABIN HIDE-OUT, DESPERATE DAN TOSSES WILMER'S PANTS TO ONE SIDE----- BUT, **LOOK!** SOMETHING FELL OUT OF THE POCKET !!



AND AS THE PILLS TAKE EFFECT, OUR TIMID HERO BECOMES STRONGER AND STRONGER, AND BRAVER AND BRAVER UNTIL--



THAT WEEL SETTLE YOUR
HASH--! NOW, I SHALL FEEX
THE FIRE-POT FOR A NICE
PARROT STEW!



BURP!

AWK!

BURP!

BUT MAYBE THOSE SOAP BUBBLES
ARE THE DOOM OF THE VILLAIN,
DESPERATE DAN---



UGH!-- HEAP
FUNNY LOOKIN' SMOKE
SIGNALS--ME GO SEE!



OH! OH! PRETTY
LITTLE SQUAW IN
HEAP TROUBLE
--- ME FIXUM
BAD MAN!

BURP!

AWK!



AWK!
NOW WHAT??

BURP!

AWK!



AH-H! THE WATER EES
ALMOS' HOT FOR YOU,
MY LEETLE PARROT--



EOW!

ZZING



HOW, PALEFACE--
ME DOTTUM!

HOWDY, INJUN!
--I'LL SAY YOU
GOTTUM--RIGHT
IN TH' PANTS!!



NO! NO!
ME DOTTUM!
ME LIKE YOU!!

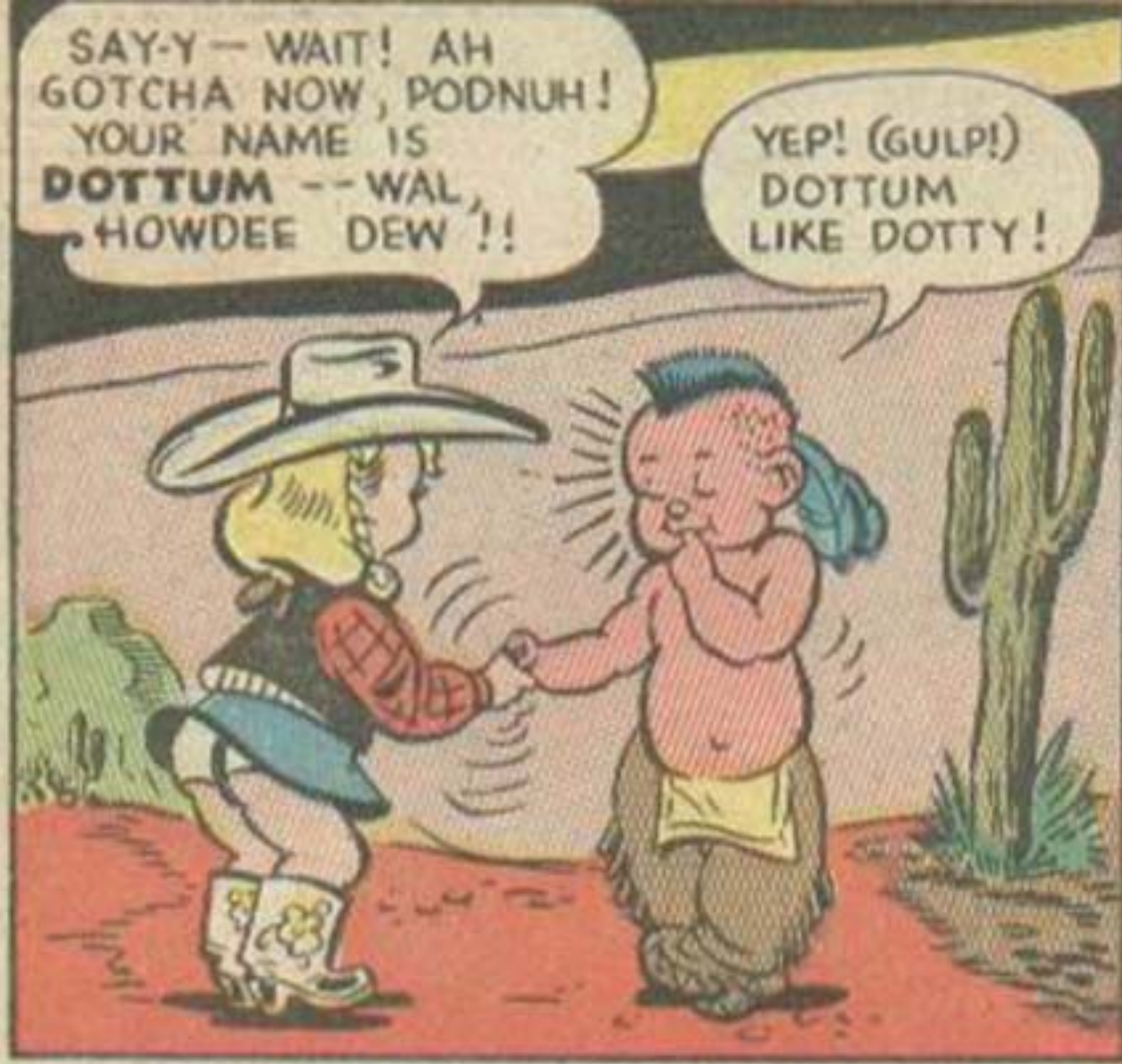


AH LIKE YOU TOO, PODNUH,
-AN' I SHORE HOPE TO
KISS A PIG'S SNOOT YOU
GOTTUM--MAH NAME'S
DOTTY, WHAT'S YOURN?



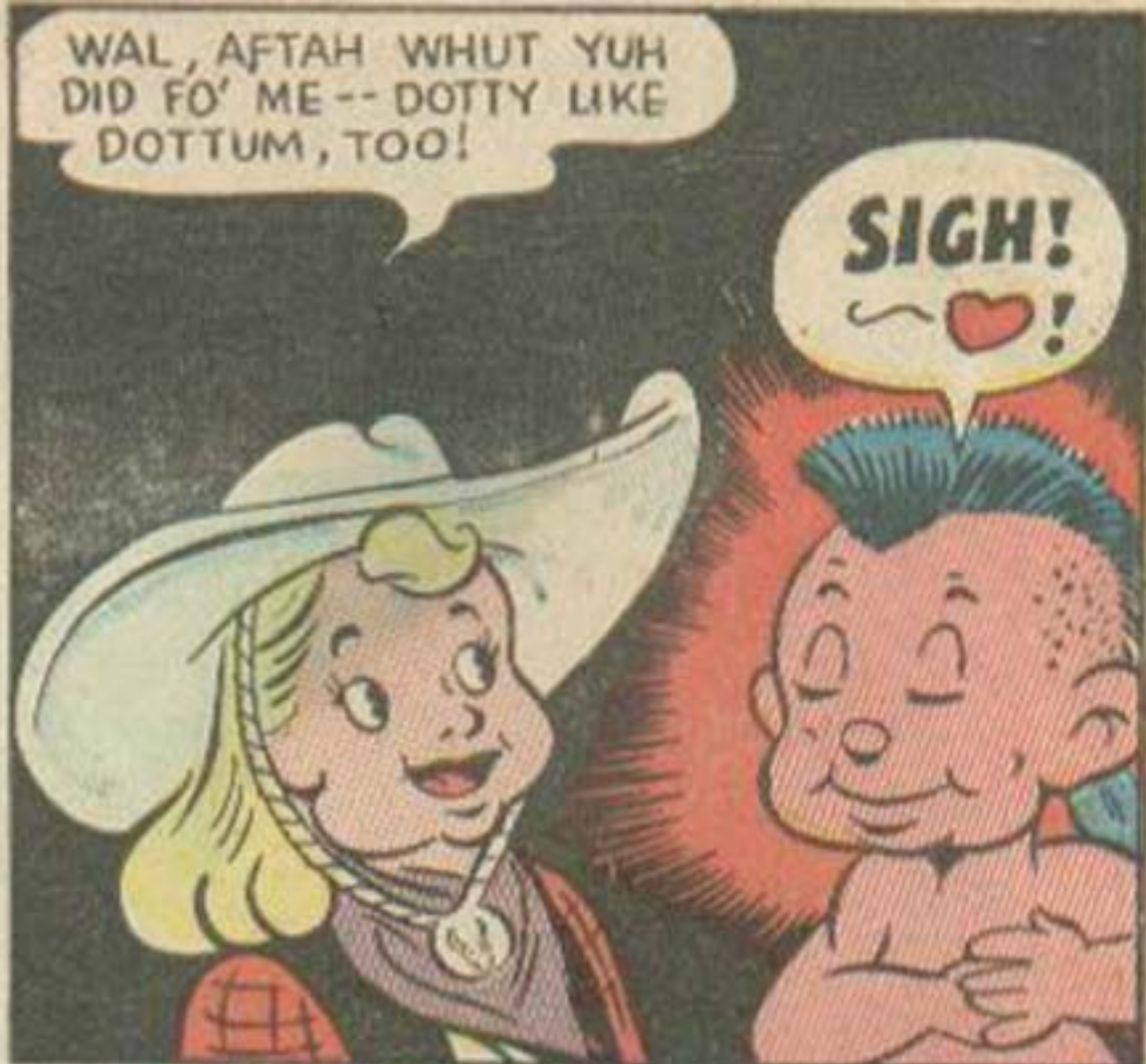
ME DOTTUM!

WAL, AH'LL BE--
YOU'RE SHORE A
PERSISTENT LI'L
CUSS, AIN'TCHA!



SAY-Y -- WAIT! AH GOTCHA NOW, PODNUH! YOUR NAME IS **DOTTUM** -- WAL, HOWDEE DEW !!

YEP! (GULP!) **DOTTUM** LIKE DOTTY!



WAL, AFTAH WHUT YUH DID FO' ME -- DOTTY LIKE DOTTUM, TOO!

SIGH!
~♥~



AH GUESS YUH CAN TELL YOUR INJUN PALS TO COME OUT, NOW!



INJUN PALS MAH EYE -- **A-AH CHEW, --A-AH CHEW!** HE USED MAH FEATHAHS!!



DITTO! THAT WAS A GREAT SACRIFICE YOU MADE ---! BLOW HARD ---!

DITTO! -- BUT AH'M HUMILIATED!!-- -- **AH CHEW!**

HONK!



ME WITHOUT MAH PRETTY FEATHAHS -- AH TELL YO' AH'M HUMILIATED! AH **CAN'T STAND IT!**

NO! DON'T JUMP! DITTO!

UGH

WILL DITTO END IT ALL? WE HOPE NOT! BECAUSE WE WANT TO SEE MORE OF DOTTY DITTO AN' DOTTUM -- **CHW!** GOSH! HE'S GOT US SNEEZIN' NOW! SEE YOU LATER -- **AH CHEW!**

Be a RADIO Technician



J. E. SMITH, President, National Radio Institute
Established 27 years
He has directed the training of more men for the Radio Industry than anyone else.

I Train Beginners at Home for Good Spare Time and Full Time Radio Jobs
More Now Make \$30 \$40 \$50 a Week Than Ever Before

Here's your opportunity to get a good job in a busy wartime industry with a big peacetime future! There is a shortage today of trained Radio Technicians and Operators. If you're in a rut, worried because your present job will not last—find out about RADIO!

Mail the Coupon. I will send you FREE my 64-page, illustrated book, **RICH REWARDS IN RADIO**. It describes many fascinating types of Radio jobs. Tells how N. R. I. trains you at home in spare time. How you learn by building and testing your own Radio Circuits with **SIX BIG KITS OF RADIO PARTS** I send!

Many Beginners Quickly Learn to Make \$5, \$10 A Week Extra in Spare Time

Many N. R. I. Students make extra money fixing Radios in spare time while learning. I send **EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS** that tell how to do it!

Right now, probably in your neighborhood, there's room for more spare and full time Radio Technicians. The Radio repair business is booming, because so new Radios are being made. Many spare time Technicians are starting their own **FULL** time business . . . making \$30, \$40, \$50 a week!

Other Radio trained men take good-pay jobs with Radio Broadcasting Stations. Many more are needed for Government jobs as Civilian Operators, Technicians. Radio manufacturers employ trained Technicians to help fill Government wartime orders. Aviation, Commercial, Police Radio and Loudspeaker Systems are live, growing fields. And think of the **NEW** jobs Television, Frequency Modulation, and other Radio developments will open after the war! I give you the Radio knowledge required for jobs in these fields.

How My "50-50 Method" Paves The Way To Bigger Pay

My 50-50 Method—half building and testing Radio Circuits, half learning from interesting, illustrated lessons—is a tested, proved method. Before you know it you are "old friends" with the miracle of Radio. You run your own Spare Time Shop, fix the Radios of your friends and neighbors—get paid while learning!

A Great School Helps You Toward The Rich Rewards of Radio

I've seen my method help thousands jump their pay. It is a time tested, practical way to prepare for a full time Radio job paying up to \$50 a week. Instead of struggling along by yourself, you "team up" with an organization that knows how to help beginners get started.

Extra Pay in Army, Navy, Too



Men likely to go into military service, soldiers, sailors, marines, should mail the coupon now! Learning Radio helps men get extra rank, extra prestige, more interesting duties, **MUCH HIGHER PAY**. Also prepares for good Radio jobs after service ends. Hundreds of service men now enrolled.



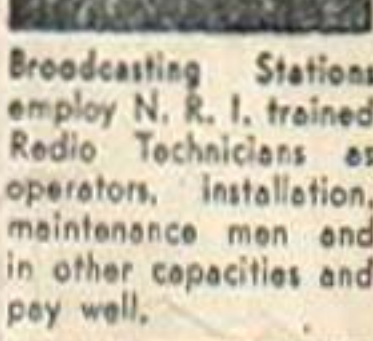
Find Out What N. R. I. Can Do For You

MAIL THE COUPON for my FREE 64-page book. It is packed with Radio facts, things you never knew about opportunities in Broadcasting, Radio Servicing, Manufacturing, other Radio fields.

You'll read complete descriptions of my Course—"50-50 Method"—6 Experimental Kits—Extra Money Job Sheets. You'll see the fascinating jobs Radio offers and how YOU can train at home. You'll read many letters from men I trained telling what they are doing, earning. No obligation. Just MAIL THE COUPON! J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 3AM7, National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.



Set Servicing pays many N. R. I. trained Radio Technicians \$30, \$40, \$50 a week. Others hold their regular jobs and make \$5 to \$10 extra a week in spare time.



Broadcasting Stations employ N. R. I. trained Radio Technicians as operators, installation, maintenance men and in other capacities and pay well.



Radio Operators find good jobs with Government Departments, Shipping Companies and in Commercial Aviation; opportunities are increasing in these fields.



THIS FREE BOOK HAS HELPED HUNDREDS OF MEN MAKE MORE MONEY

TRAINING MEN FOR VITAL RADIO JOBS

FREE TO MEN WHO WANT BETTER JOBS

J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 3AM7
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